LITURGY

FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

WITH

YOUTHFUL VOICES:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

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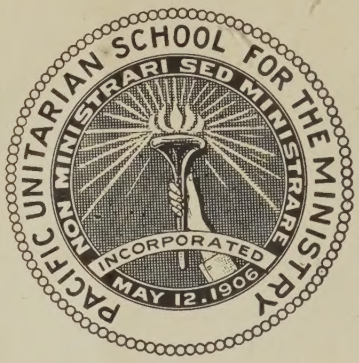

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SERVICE-BOOK

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The present Services have been compiled to accompany the Hymn-Book, entitled "Youthful Voices," prepared by a committee of the Sunday-School Teachers' Institute. The collection of hymns suffers from having been the work of several hands, and the Services, owing their existence to yet another, are not perhaps entirely at one with the hymns. The want of a Service-Book, however, at once combining a large variety of subjects, and brevity and unity in each exercise, seems to call for a publication in this present form.

At the commencement of each exercise references are given to appropriate chapters of the Bible, although in many instances the Superintendent may select others.

The selections for alternate reading are all from Scripture, and transferred without alteration; and it is hoped that by the constant use of Bible texts the pupils may ever become more familiar with the value and universal application of the Sacred Book.

Many of the prayers have been written by Boston clergymen, and to them thanks are also due for expressions of encouragement and approbation in a work pleasant, but delicate and laborious.

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SERVICE-BOOK.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father which art in Heaven, — hallowed be Thy name. — Thy kingdom come, — thy will be done on earth — as it is done in Heaven. — Give us this day our daily bread. — And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. — And lead us not into temptation, — but deliver us from evil. — For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, — and the glory forever. Amen.

THE NEW YEAR.

BENEVENTO.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun
  Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
  Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
  They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
  But how little none can know.

NEWTON.

As the wingéd arrow flies,
  Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
  Darts and leaves no trace behind; —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
  Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
  All below is but a dream.

Thanks, for mercies past, receive;
  Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
  With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
  Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
  May we dwell with thee above.

S. Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end.

P. Let Thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even Thy salvation, according to Thy word.

S. Quicken me after Thy loving-kindness; so shall I keep the testimony of Thy mouth.

P. Let my cry come near before Thee, O Lord: give me understanding according to Thy word.

S. Lord I cry unto Thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto Thee!

P. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

S. Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practise wicked works with men that work iniquity.

P. Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God: Thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

S. My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto Thee; and my soul which thou hast redeemed.

P. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven; — thine is the light of this New Year, — may it be wholly consecrated to Thee! — May it be a year of blessed fruits: — in our nobler and truer thoughts, — may it see a bountiful increase. — If we have done good in the last year, — may we do better in this. — If we have sinned, may we turn away — from all wickedness and wrong, — and press boldly to Thy kingdom. — Let not this season of the New Year — pass by without an upward step; — without a holy determination — to do, and to be, better than ever before.

We remember those who were with us last year, — whom we shall see no more on earth. — They have gone before us to Thee, O God! — Where in Thine own time, we hope to follow them. —

May their memory be dear to us; — and if this year be our last on earth, — grant that it may also be our best. — May we do more for Thee, — more for our brothers. — And when another year shall come, — may we look back in pleasure on this, — through thy mercy in Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 3, 126.

BENEDICTION.

EPIPHANY.

MATT. ii. 1 – 12 and ISAIAH lx.; ACTS x.

HYMN 57.

S. All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord; and shall glorify Thy name.

P. All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee.

S. For the Lord hath looked down from the height of His sanctuary: from heaven did the Lord behold the earth.

P. To hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death;

S. To declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and His praise in Jerusalem.

P. When the people are gathered together, and the kingdom, to serve the Lord.

S. For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

P. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God; — we thank Thee for Thy salvation, — that Thou hast not given it to a few — but to all the nations. — From the East, and from the West, — every one shall know Thee. — Thou wilt call them all to Thee, — through Thy Son, Jesus Christ. — O, our Father, hasten the time — when at the name of Jesus — every knee shall bow, — and every tongue confess — Thee, the Lord of the whole earth! — May we come to Thee ourselves, — and do what children can — to lead others with us: — for we know that only as children — can any enter Thy kingdom. — Hear our prayer, O Father, — through Jesus our Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 200.

BENEDICTION.

THE BIBLE.

NEHEMIAH viii.

HYMNS 70, 182, 205, 215.

S. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

P. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

S. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

P. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

S. Moreover by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward.

P. Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults!

S. Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

P. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O God, my strength, and my Redeemer.

PRAYER.

HEAVENLY Father; — accept our prayers as we come hither — to hear Thy word and learn Thy will. — Hear us as we bring thanks — for Thy manifold blessings; — for the mercy that has kept us — alive through another week; — and for the great comfort — of Thy written word.

The record of the good and holy men, — prophets and seers of ancient times, — is open for our instruction. — Thy commands are before us, — that we may never go astray; — the life of Thy Son is written there, — pointing out to us the way to heaven.

O God, may we love Thy law, — may we ever have it in our hearts — elsewhere as well as here, — throughout the week, as on this day, — may it prove a lamp to our feet, — a staff to stay our trembling steps, — and bread for our hungering souls. — Thy scriptures shall warn us — when temptation comes unseen.

May we ever walk in the light of the Gospel! — May Thy blessed words — be treasured in our hearts! — Line upon line, precept upon precept, — may we ever live and obey them. — Thus doing as Thou hast commanded, — and as Jesus has taught, — shall we at last come to Thee; — for which we pray in Christ's name. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 66, 121.

BENEDICTION.

GOD OUR FATHER.

JOHN vi. 27 – 65.

HYMNS 6, 120.

S. Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me, for I am poor and needy,

P. Be merciful unto me, O Lord; for I cry unto Thee daily.

S. Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

P. Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth: unite my heart to fear Thy name.

S. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

P. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

S. One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.

P. Who forgiveth all Thine iniquities; who healeth all Thy diseases.

S. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

P. Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings!

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven! — We are Thy children — whom Thou hast called to Thyself — by our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. — We thank Thee that Thou didst send Him — into the world, to teach us — that we might love Thee with all our heart. — Thou art so great, that we can know Thee — only through Thy goodness; — and so holy, that we should be afraid — to call Thee Father, — if Thou hadst not put that name upon our lips. — O, may we never use it — without thinking how much it means. — Wilt Thou make us — Thine obedient and happy children. — Forgive the sins — by which we have

displeased Thee. — Help us to live in this world — as they who have so many blessings — ought to live. — Help us to grow like Him — who was meek and lowly, — and who came on earth to do Thy will. — And when we die, O God! — let us worship and serve Thee — in heaven forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 59, 31, 32, 94.

BENEDICTION.

CONVERSION OF PAUL.

ACTS xxi. 39 – 40; xxii. 1 – 22.

HYMN 1.

S. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

P. For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

S. Such as sit in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

P. Because they rebelled against the word of God, and contemned the counsel of the most High:

S. Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down and there was none to help.

P. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses.

S. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

P. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, — to us comes the lesson of the great apostle. — Like him we have persecuted Thy saints; — heedless it may be, — and because we did not know — that they were sent by Thee; — but yet in every unkind act to our brother, — in every wicked deed, by every wicked word; — when we turned away from the poor; — when we felt no pity for the unfortunate; — when we tempted our brother — to do something we knew was wrong; — then, at all these times, — we have fought against Thy will. — May we never forget Thy command — to persecute no man, but to regard — all men as our brothers, — children of one Father. — Forgive us that we have forgotten this; — and incline our hearts — to obedience to Thy law. — If some go astray, — and act in disobedience to Thy law, — they are in Thy hands; — with Thee is the judgment, and not with us. — O Father, forgive us our sins: — and to Thee be glory and honor forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 198.

BENEDICTION.

EARLY PIETY.

1 SAMUEL iii

HYMNS 35, 96, 202, 11, 25, 97, 254, 225.

S. O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee.

P. Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee: Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee.

S. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while

the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

P. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed.

S. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

P. Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

S. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.

P. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

S. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

P. For He shalt give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, our Father in Heaven; — as children we come to Thy footstool, — knowing that thou seekest such — to worship Thee. — Grant unto us to hear Thy voice — calling us to Thy service. — In the innocence of childhood, — before temptations become too strong for us, — call us, Father, to worship Thee; — not alone as the God who has made us, — but as a Father we may love. — Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth, — shall be our prayer. — May we obey all Thy commands, — and keep ourselves from all sin — now in our youth. — Thus shall temptation have no power over us — and our lives, commenced in piety and virtue, — shall end to Thy glory. — In Christ's name we offer our prayer. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 48, 47, 193.

BENEDICTION.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

EXOD. xx. and MARK xii. 28 – 34.

HYMN 87.

S. Show me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths.

P. Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me; for Thou art the God of my salvation.

S. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments!

P. Thou hast commanded us to keep Thy precepts diligently. O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes!

S. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

P. By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

S. Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments.

P. He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the universe; — we come to Thee in prayer, — humbly asking forgiveness — for our transgressions, which are many. — We have so often forgotten Thy law, — we have so often done what we knew was wrong, — that only by the mercy Thou hast promised — in Thy Son Jesus, can we come to Thee.

Forgive us and strengthen us, — that we may keep Thy law — unbroken through all our life; — that with love to Thee — and to our fellow-men, — we may at last come to Heaven, — where Thou hast promised a blessed rest — to those who keep Thy commandments. — Hear our prayer and answer us, — through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 69, 103.

BENEDICTION.

REPENTANCE.

LUKE XV.

HYMN 148.

S. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

P. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

S. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

P. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me!

S. Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy holy spirit from me.

P. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free spirit.

S. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord!

P. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God; — humbly we offer our prayer to Thee. — We have sinned so often, — we have so often forgotten Thee, — and even done what we knew — Thou hadst commanded us not to do, — that by thy mercy alone can we come to Thee. — Blessed be thy name forever, — that Thou dost not cast us off; — that we may still hope for pardon, — if only we truly repent of our sins.

Incline our hearts to see our faults; — that seeing we may repent — truly and sincerely. — Cleanse us indeed from all transgressions, — that, forgetting the things that are behind, — we

may look forward to those that are before, — until, in Thy mercy, we may come to Thee. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 19.

BENEDICTION.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

JOHN xi. 1 – 46.

HYMN 104.

S. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

P. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

S. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

P. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

S. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

P. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

S. O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

P. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

S. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

P. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven; — full of faith we come to Thee — knowing that Thou wilt hear our prayer. — O bless us, as always, through Thy Son! — may what seems dark to us now — prove life and light eternal. — When we weep for those who are gone, — we find comfort in the sure hope — that we shall meet them again, — not here below, but in the Better Land. — Weeping may endure for a night, — but joy cometh in the morning.

We thank Thee, O God, for Thy Son, — who has conquered death. — No more is it to us a valley of shadows, — but the entrance to Thy kingdom. — O fill us with that trust in Him — which makes all our trials light, — which raises us up when we are cast down, — and out of evil ever educes good.

May his spirit, when we have sinned, — raise our souls from that real death — whose strength is in sin, — from which He alone is the resurrection. — Be with us in our sorrow as in our joy, — gladden us with Thy love, — make us Thy true and holy children, — that when our duty on earth is done, — we may come to those dear ones — who have gone before us to Thee! — Hear our prayer, that we offer in Christ's name. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 81.

BENEDICTION.

BROTHERHOOD.

1 JOHN iv.

HYMNS 62, 24, 225.

S. Behold, how good, and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

P. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments.

S. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore.

P. Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.

S. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

P. Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

S. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

P. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in heaven; — we know that we are all Thy children, — both young and old, rich and poor, — the righteous, and those who have sinned, — are still brothers.

Help us, Father, to forgive our erring brothers; — strengthen our love, that we may ever — be ready to forgive, quick to receive again — into our love, those who do us wrong. — May our hearts be filled with compassion — for our brothers who suffer; — may we ever do what lies in our power — to aid and comfort them. — O help us to lead back to Thee — those whose sins have turned them aside. — Thus loving and helping all men, — may we be loved of Thee forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 71, 164, 238.

BENEDICTION.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

ACTS xvi. 16–40.

HYMN 139.

S. Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. O my God, I trust in Thee: let me not be ashamed!

P. Yea, let none that wait upon Thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed that transgress without cause.

S. Show me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths.

P. Lead me in Thy way and teach me: for Thou art the God of my salvation; in Thee do I wait all the day.

S. Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies and Thy loving-kindness, for they have been ever of old.

P. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord!

S. Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

P. The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way.

S. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.

P. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on Thee, O Lord.

PRAYER.

O GOD, our Father in heaven, — speed the right, we pray Thee! — Hasten the time when all men — shall know their God; — when from the East even to the West — no war shall darken the earth, — no violence make men afraid! — O send Thy mercy and truth — upon all nations. — May the fear of God — keep the world in righteousness, — that everywhere men shall forget wrong, — knowing only what is right. — Then shall our brothers everywhere — be brothers indeed, and all — shall be

Thy beloved children. — Hear us as we pray, — through Thy mercy in Jesus. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 239.

BENEDICTION.

WISDOM.

2 Chron. i.

HYMNS 132, 26.

S. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

P. For the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

S. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

P. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

S. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

P. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

S. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in Heaven, — grant us this gift of wisdom, — that we may know Thee, — the only true God, — and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent; — that we may choose the better

portion, — to love Thee and to do Thy will; — that we may follow — the straight and narrow path — that leadeth unto life eternal; — that we may know when we are tempted, — and bid the tempter flee. — Grant us, O Father, — the knowledge of Thy law, — and that fear to disobey it — which is the beginning of wisdom. — May we here apply ourselves diligently — to the study of Thy holy Scriptures, — and when we go hence — to other schools, and to other scenes, — help us to study Thy works still — in all we see around us. — Be with each one of us, O God, — and forgive our sins, — through Jesus Christ our Saviour. — In his name we offer our prayer. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 9, 237.

BENEDICTION.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

MATT. v., vi., vii.

HYMN 34.

S. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

P. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

S. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

P. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

S. Moreover, by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward.

P. Who can understand his errors? cleanse Thou me from secret faults.

S. Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

P. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all; — with His name on our lips, — whom Thou didst send — to be a teacher to all the world, — we come to Thee in prayer.

O grant that the lessons of truth, — of love to all men, of purity, — may sink deep into our hearts. — May we never forget the blessed promises — which are to us, and to all men, — if only we obey Thy will. — We thank Thee that in love — Thou hast pointed out to us the way — by which, leaving all sin and sorrow, — we may come even now to Thy kingdom. — O sustain, we pray Thee, — our steps, so often wandering; — strengthen our spirits, — so apt to doubt Thy presence; — and make us perfect — in the likeness of Thy Son.

Thus loving Christ and doing right, — remembering Him, every day as this day, — everywhere as in this place, — shall we be Thy beloved children, — and come to Thee in heaven. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 185.

BENEDICTION.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

GEN. xli.; EXODUS xiv.

S. M.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way,
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

MORAVIAN.

Thou comprehend'st Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell
He sits as sovereign on his throne,
He ruleth all things well.

Thou know'st our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee!
O lift Thou up the feeble head,
Confirm the sinking knee.

Let us in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

S. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

P. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

S. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

P. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

S. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

P. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

S. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

P. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.

PRAYER.

O LORD our God, — who art a sun and shield — to Thy faithful children, — teach us to fly to Thee for help in every need. — Be Thou to us a tabernacle from the storm, — and

a refuge from the heat! — When we are tempted by evil thoughts, — may we seek shelter in Thee. — When passion bewilders us, — may we be calmed by returning to Thee.

When we are happy, and companions are pleasant, — and tasks are easy, and days are bright, — receive us beneath the shelter of Thy wings! — And let nothing ever lead us to forget — that without Thee we can never — have true happiness, or lasting joy.

May we always find in Thee — the home of our souls; — and making Thee our abiding-place, — and our continued Helper, — may we be prepared to dwell with Thee — in Thy heavenly home forever.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 108, 109.

BENEDICTION.

THE TEMPTATION.

LUKE iv. 1–15.

HYMN 65.

S. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

P. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man.

S. But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed.

P. I will wash mine hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord!

S. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

P. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

S. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne.

P. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father; — how often are we tempted to sin! — How often do we forget Thy warning, — and do what we know is wrong! — O Father, forgive us! — Incline our hearts to keep Thy law, — and to live as Jesus Christ has taught us. — That the temptations of appetite, — of power, of pride, may never — lead us astray from Thee.

We know that it is only by Thy Word — that we can live in purity. — O may we ever love and obey that guide! — May it indeed be a lamp to our feet, — to warn us when we tread — the dark and dangerous road — of sin and death. — Give us strength against temptation. — May the example of Thy Son — ever be fresh on our memory, — that at last we may come to Thee! Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 102.

BENEDICTION.

ENTRANCE TO JERUSALEM.

MATT. xxi.; MARK xi.

HYMNS 261, 253.

S. Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Most Mighty, with Thy glory, and Thy majesty.

P. And in Thy majesty ride prosperously because of meekness and righteousness.

S. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.

P. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

S. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

P. The stone that the builders rejected is become the head stone of the corner.

S. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

P. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for His law.

PRAYER.

EVERY day, O Father, we thank Thee — for Thy Son Jesus. — For only through Him do we dare to pray to Thee, — so often have we sinned. — Blessed be Thy name forever, — that Thou hast taken pity on us, — that Thou hast not left us in sin, — but hast sent Jesus to lead us — again to our Father.

Every time we pray, His name is on our lips — or deep in our hearts. — Thy name becomes nearer and dearer — when we think of Him. — O grant that He may indeed be our Saviour, — and bring us all to Thee. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 203.

BENEDICTION.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

MARK xiv.

HYMN 51.

S. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion!

P. Deliver me in Thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline Thine ear unto me and save me.

S. Deliver me, O God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

P. For mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together,

S. Saying, God hath forsaken Him: persecute and take him; for there is none to deliver him.

P. O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste to my help!

S. I will go in the strength of the Lord God: in Him have I trusted.

P. My trust is in God; who shall make me afraid?

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY and All-merciful God, — be Thou our strength; — for by ourselves we can do nothing! — Show us Thy mercy, and help us, — lest we fall into sin. — When we are tempted to do wrong, — or to give up doing good, — do Thou prevent us!

Thou art our Refuge; — in Thee will we trust; — fearing neither the terror by night, — nor the arrow that flieth by noonday.

May the teaching and spirit of the Master — beget in us such a trust in Thee, — and such a love for Thy law, — that we may take His prayer upon our lips: — Father! not my will, but Thine be done. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 42.

BENEDICTION.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

LUKE xxiii. 13–56.

HYMNS 42, 199.

S. My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? why art Thou so far from helping me?

P. Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them.

S. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered: they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded.

P. Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help.

S. I am poured out like water: I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me.

P. The assembly of the wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my hands and my feet.

S. They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

P. But be not Thou far from me, O Lord: O my strength, haste Thee to help me.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in heaven, — hallowed be Thy name; — even when we suffer most, — we know that Thou art with us; — Thy hand shall strengthen us! — When we are ready to faint, — when our sorrow seems greater than we can bear, — let us think of Jesus, — who endured all suffering — that He might recall a sinful world. — O through His blessed life — give us strength to bear every pain — that Thou, Lord, seest fit to send us! — Though Thou chasten us, — yet in Thy mercy we shall live! — Though all the world forsake us, — Thou art still our Father, — and Thy love will never fail, — if only we love and obey and trust Thee. — Grant that we may do this, — for the sake of Him who died to save us. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 112.

BENEDICTION.

EASTER.

JOHN XX.

HYMNS 249, 46, 136.

S. Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death?

P. Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

S. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death,

P. We shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection.

S. Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

P. Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more.

S. Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof.

P. For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God! — We thank Thee that Thou hast brought us — to this sacred day, — that we may see the year renewed. — We praise Thee that this day — Thy Son, our Saviour, — rose triumphant from the dead, — that He robbed the grave of its victory, — and death of its sting. — We praise Thee that He goes before us — to prepare for us mansions in Thy House, — that we may not fear to die. — And as Thou dost renew all things — from the death of the winter — by the new life of this Easter season, — be pleased to shine on our hearts — with the light of Thine own love, — that the seeds of faith — may spring up, and bear fruit, — that we may be born again into new lives, — and may serve Thee more simply, — more truly, and with more hope and love.

We ask it in Him who is our Lord, — who lived for us, and died for us, — and for us this day rose from the dead. — Bless us in Him forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 259.

BENEDICTION.

OPENING SPRING.

Exod. xii. 1–28.

7s & 8s M.

There cometh o'er the spirit,
With each returning year,
The thought that Thou, the Father,
Art ever to us near;
With hope of life dispelling
The death that winter brought,
And flowers and fruits foretelling,
With fragrant beauty fraught.

'T is this which calls Thy children
In sweet accord to raise,
Beneath Thy blue-domed temple,
One general hymn of praise
To Thee, the ever-living,
The universal King,
Who never ceases giving
Each good and perfect thing.

The streamlet from the mountain,
It speaketh, Lord, of Thee,
As from its snow-capped fountain
It rushes to the sea;
The gentle dew descending,
And clouds' refreshing shower, —
O God, our Heavenly Father!
All, all proclaim thy power!

S. How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

P. God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us.

S. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

P. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in Heaven; — by Thy command the winter passes away, — and the season of new life begins. — O hallow its influence to us! — When we see the earth around us — awakening again from sleep; — the buds opening, and the birds returning, — may we also be led — to put away all sin, — to press onward with new vigor, — and by the beauty of holiness,

— please Thee, our Father in Heaven, — even as the opening blossoms — please us, Thy children.

O with this renewal of the year — bring us nearer to Thee; — make us better each day, — that, when it be Thy will, — we shall come to Thee above. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 21, 16, 210, 20.

BENEDICTION.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

LUKE xviii. 1–17.

HYMNS 115, 50, 99.

S. I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.

P. The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

S. The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.

P. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

S. The Lord looseth the prisoners: the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous.

P. The Lord preserveth the strangers; He relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down.

S. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

P. The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in Heaven; — Thou hast called unto Thee — not alone the mighty ones of earth, — but also, in Thy mercy, little children. — Not alone those who can serve Thee — actively as soldiers of the cross; — but those also who can only worship Thee. — For this mercy may we ever thank Thee, — and we pray Thee to make us as little children, — pure and undefiled.

May we, coming to Thee as children, — never depart from Thy ways; but through our lives, as now, — call Thee our Father in Heaven. — Thus wilt Thou bless us, — and when we leave this world, — suffer us to come to Thee above, — through the love of Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 140, 49.

BENEDICTION.

SEED-TIME.

MARK iv. 1-32: MATT. xiii. 1-43.

C. M. HEBER.

O God! by whom the seed is given;
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast; —

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do Thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

S. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand:

P. For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

S. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

P. Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

S. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

P. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

PRAYER.

OUR Father; — in this new season of hope and promise, — we come to worship and praise Thee. — We see the seed cast into the ground, — and we know that it will spring up — and bear fruit for our food. — Thus each year man plants, — but Thou, O God, givest the increase! — Thou who clothest the lilies, — and raisest up the ears of corn, — wilt much more care for Thy children! — O may all the good, and true, and holy seed — planted in our breasts — spring up and bear fruit a hundred-fold! — May no tares choke its growth; — may no birds of the air plunder; — may no stony ground refuse it; — but may its fruits become an offering — that Thou wilt not reject! — Hear our prayer, O our Father, — which we ask through Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 61.

BENEDICTION.

THE BETTER LAND.

REV. xxi.–xxii. 5.

C. M. WATTS.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

S. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O Lord.

P. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

S. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.

P. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and the land of the Hermonites and the hill Mizar.

S. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.

P. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PRAYER.

OUR Heavenly Father, — to whom we must all one day come, — hear us when we pray for guidance — to the sweet fields of another world, — where the wicked cease from troubling, — and the weary be at rest, — where with Thy blessed angels, —

we may sing praises before Thy throne — to Thee and the Lord Jesus forever.

We know that as we live here on earth, — so shall be our happiness hereafter. — We cannot sin on earth, — and be happy in heaven, — with the pure and holy, — who have never done wrong. — Keep us, then, O Father, from all sin ; — make us followers of Him — Thou hast sent to lead us to Thee, — and who has gone before us — to prepare our mansions ; — that when we pass away from earth, — we may hear Thy voice — welcoming us to life eternal. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 144, 43, 131, 150.

BENEDICTON.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Acts i. 1 – 12.

HYMN.

S. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

P. For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

S. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or who shall stand in His holy place ?

P. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

S. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

P. This is the generation of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, O God of Jacob.

S. & *P.* Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

S. Who is this King of Glory?

P. The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle!

S. & *P.* Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

S. Who is this King of Glory?

P. The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory!

PRAYER.

GREAT God, be pleased to hear us — as we come to Thee, — — remembering His promise, who on this day — was taken up with glory into heaven. — He has left us, but His promise remains; — to us shall be given a Comforter, — who shall abide with us — until He come again in glory. — The spirit of peace shall remain — with those who love Him — to keep His commandments. — O God, our Father! — grant that we may so love Jesus, — that we shall ever strive — to do without ceasing — all He wished us to do.

As we live from week to week, — may we ever draw nearer to Thee! — O, let not the blessings Thou hast given — be thrown on barren ground. — We can all, even the youngest, — please Thee, by loving those around us, — by obeying our parents; — by never speaking an unkind word, — nor doing an unkind act; — by never tempting our companions — to do what we know is wrong. — By all those little duties — which are pleasant in Thy sight, — may we fit ourselves — to live with Thee and with Jesus forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 246.

BENEDICTION.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

JOB xxxviii.

HYMNS 77, 60, 190.

S. The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth His handiwork.

P. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

S. There is no speech nor language, and their voice is not heard.

P. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

S. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

P. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven, — hallowed be Thy name. — Forgive us if we have seen Thy works — and have forgotten Thee. — Thou hast surrounded us with blessings — that we knew not how to ask for; — and yet we so often forget the Giver! — The heavens, and all Thou hast created, — declare Thy glory; we alone forget Thee. — O may these many witnesses — ever speak to us of God. — May our hearts be turned to see Thee — everywhere in Thy works. — When we see the sun rise in Thy heavens, — and when the stars take its place at night, — may we remember Thee. — Thus ever seeing Thy mercies, — may we be led to follow Thy commands; — to imitate Thy Son, our Saviour; — and, earning forgiveness for our past ingratitude, — know Thee

in the world to come, — even better than we have known Thy works here below. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 39, 158, 159.

BENEDICTION.

WHITSUNDAY.

ACTS ii.

HYMNS 247, 67.

S. If ye love me, keep my commandments.

P. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever.

S. Even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

P. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.

S. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have spoken unto you.

P. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven, — Thy children come before Thee — with the humble offering — of the first-fruits of

their lives. — We bring Thee the prayers of children, — the hopes of children, the love of children, — in the confidence of children, — whom Thou hast always blessed. — And we entreat Thee to renew to us — this day the gift of Thy Holy Spirit. — Not in lightning or in tempest, — but in the still, small voice — which whispers in our hearts, — be pleased, O Father, — to speak to each one of us, — that we also may go forth every day — in the service of the Lord Jesus, — willing and able, by Thy help, — to speak to all around us — of His kingdom, and of Thy love. — For the promise is not only — to the high and mighty, — but even to us, — and to all Thy little ones. — Hear us, Father, and answer us, as always, — as those who come to Thee — in the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 137, 37, 67.

BENEDICTION.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JOHN X.

HYMNS 189, 195, 207.

S. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

P. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

S. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

P. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

S. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

P. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven, — we thank Thee for the hand — which is always over us — to direct our ways, — to raise us when fallen down, — and, if we will, to bring us to Thee. — We thank Thee for Thy Holy Son, — who died that we might live. — May we indeed become — the lambs of his fold — and the children of Thy love.

Father, give unto us pure hearts — and meek and lowly spirits: — may we love all men, our brothers, — forgive all who seek to injure us, — help the weary and careworn, — comfort the broken-hearted, — as He who was once a child — has taught us.

Thou hast indeed led us — beside the still waters, — and hast given us rest in green pastures, — as Thou hast promised to Thy children. — Be pleased to continue Thy blessings, — and make us worthy to receive them, — that in the valley — of the shadow of death — we may fear no evil; — but, following our Saviour, — press boldly on to life eternal. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 167, 226, 227, 168.

BENEDICTION.

CHRIST AT THE WELL OF JACOB.

JOHN iv. 1–42.

HYMN 179.

S. Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

P. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

S. I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

P. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

S. Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.

P. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

S. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

P. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

PRAYER.

GREAT God, our Father; — unto Thee we come in prayer. — Give unto us, we beseech Thee, — that living water Thou hast promised, — through Thy Son Jesus Christ, — to all who seek Thy face: — that we may never thirst again, — having Thy holiness within us. — Incline our hearts to the Saviour, — that when He knocks, — we may be ready to receive our Redeemer, — who has promised us so much. — To Him in our sorrows we come, — knowing that He will bear our burdens; — and to Him in joy we come, — bringing thank-offerings and praises. — May He be with our spirits — as we worship Thee. — May He be with us through our lives, — and when at last — our days on earth

are passed, — may He who has gone before us — receive us into life everlasting. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 100.

BENEDICTION.

THE HEAVENWARD COURSE.

MATT. xiii. 24–52; xxv.

HYMNS 150, 3, 83, 106, 166.

S. Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.

P. Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.

S. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

P. I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.

S. If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me,

P. In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began.

S. Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.

P. For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY and holy God, hear Thy children; — stretch forth Thy hand and save them — as they wander through this world.

It has pleased Thee, Father, — to fill the way with many temptations. — O give us strength to overcome them! — Fix our hearts, now in our youth, — upon the heavenly home — to which the good and pure are journeying. — May nothing sinful turn us aside — from the narrow path — that leads to heaven and to Thee.

Thus trusting in our God, — and guided by Thy Son Jesus, — with Thy rod and Thy staff to comfort us, — may we run the race before us, — and come at last to Thee! — In Jesus, our dear Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 78, 122, 157, 183.

BENEDICTION.

LOVE TO GOD.

1 JOHN iv.

HYMNS 244, 240, 87.

S. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

P. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

S. See, I have set before Thee this day life and good, death and evil.

P. In that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, and to keep His commandments, and His statutes, and His judgments.

S. Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children.

P. And walk in love as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God.

S. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into

the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

P. Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: He preserveth the souls of His saints; He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

PRAYER.

OUR Father, — how can we help loving Thee, — who hast made us, — who givest us all we have, — and who dost watch over us alway!

When we have sinned, — Thou, Father, hast so often forgiven us; — when we were fallen down, — Thou didst raise us up. — Thou hast wiped away all tears from our eyes; — in Thee alone do we live, — and move, and have our being!

Forgive us that we forget Thee, — lead us ever nearer to Thee, — even through sorrow and pain. — Open our eyes, that they may see, — and our ears, that they may hear — the constant story of Thy goodness, — that we may evermore be among those — who love the Lord our God. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 103.

BENEDICTION.

CHRIST STILLETH THE TEMPEST.

MARK iv.

HYMNS 197, 76.

S. Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in anywise to do evil.

P. For evil-doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

S. He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.

P. A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

S. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.

P. O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee? or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee?

S. Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.

P. Guide us, O Lord, lead us in Thy way.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in Heaven; — in humble confidence we come unto Thee, — knowing that Thou wilt hear our prayer. — Forgive us our many sins, — and help us to resist temptation. — O Father, we have often gone astray; — we have done many things in anger — that we ought not to have done. — We have uttered many a hasty word, — and often in passion injured our brothers. — The evil spirit is often in us, — when we are angry with all, — even those who love us most. — The dear voice of our Saviour — alone can drive it away. — O we pray Thee, that in these storms of the spirit, — worse than any ocean waves, — we may hear the voice of Him — who spoke on Galilee, saying to our passions, — Peace, be still! — O Father, except Thou save us from these storms, — we cannot reach Thy promised shore. — Save and direct us, for Christ's sake. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 112.

BENEDICTION.

SUMMER.

GENESIS xxxvii.

10s.

Silently, silently, seasons roll on;
Ever, as silently, we are borne home:
Years are but moments; we look, they are gone:
Frail is our life as the sea-driven foam!

Spring has departed, her blossoms scarce dead,
Born only yesterday, withered to-day;
Done is their duty; they left in their stead
Offspring for summer's warm, ripening ray.

Summer must ripen the fair buds of spring,
Youth must the promise of childhood fulfil,
Autumn and manhood the harvest must bring:
Summer and youth make it blessing or ill.

Lord, ere we come to our long-promised rest,
Grant that on earth, by the love of Thy truth,
Shining in purity, blessing and blest,
Manhood may follow the summer of youth.

S. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

P. In my distress I called upon the Lord; and He cried to my God: and He did hear my voice out of His temple, and my cry did enter into His ears.

S. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook because He was wroth.

P. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under His feet.

S. The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered His voice.

P. He sent from above, He took me; He drew me out of many waters.

S. The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation.

P. God is my strength and power: and He maketh my way perfect.

PRAYER.

GOD of the changing seasons, — Thy hand has brought us on — from the ice and snow of winter — to the buds and blossoms of spring, — and now to the ripening summer. — Thou wast with us when the earth — and trees and flowers seemed dead: — with Thee we saw the seeming dead — awake again to life and beauty. — Father, Thou wilt not leave us now, — when the fruits are forming — and the harvest is coming to maturity. — Our souls slumber within us; — O Father, awaken them to a new life! — May their winter pass away, — and their summer come, — that season of preparation — for the harvests of autumn. — May we so prepare our souls — that Thy angel may gather them — into Thy garners, as the fair fruits — of a prosperous and well-used summer. — Hear our prayer, forgive our sins, — and bless us, through Jesus our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 211.

BENEDICTION.

CHRIST AT NAZARETH.

LUKE ii. 25–52.

HYMNS 58, 133, 135.

S. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

P. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust.

S. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

P. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

S. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

P. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

S. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

P. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

S. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

P. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him and honor him.

PRAYER.

FATHER, in this, the season of our youth, — watch over us and keep us from harm. — Preserve our bodies in health; keep our hearts clean; keep our souls pure!

May we injure no one, — but always seek to do good to one another, — putting away from us all envy, — selfishness, rudeness, and unkindness.

Help us to learn of Jesus, — who was meek and lowly of heart. — May we learn of Him — to love and honor our parents; — but most of all, to love and honor Thee, — our Heavenly Father, — who art the parent of all men. — Thus may we grow, as did our Saviour, — not only in stature, but in wisdom — and in favor with God and man. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 222, 129.

BENEDICTION.

LIFE ETERNAL.

JOHN vi. 1–58.

HYMNS 80, 131, 166.

S. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

P. I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

S. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die.

P. And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.

S. He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life.

P. Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.

PRAYER.

O GOD, to Thee we raise our supplications; — hear our prayer, as we come here to-day, — and give us the life everlasting. — Suffer not our souls to perish, — but give to us that knowledge — of Thee and of Thy law — which shall lead us safely through the world.

Put far from us all evil thoughts; — cleanse our hearts from sin; — fill us with love for all men; — make us in all things obedient to Thee; — that a holy life in this world — may receive the recompense in heaven — of life eternal!

Through Jesus our Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 56.

BENEDICTION.

GOD'S POWER.

1 Kings xvii.

HYMN 40.

S. God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

P. The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself; the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

S. Thy throne is established of old: Thou art from everlasting.

P. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

S. For the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

P. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

S. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

P. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

S. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

P. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

S. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

PRAYER.

BLESSED be Thou, Almighty God, for ever and ever! — Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, — and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; — for all that is in the heavens — and in the earth is Thine; — Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, — and Thou art exalted as head above all. — Both riches and honor come of Thee, — and Thou reignest over all; — and in Thine hand is power and might. — With Thee also is mercy

and love. — Thou canst cast down, — and Thou canst raise up. — All our lives are in Thy hand; — in Thee, O Lord, do we live! — In Thy power, and in Thy majesty, — Thou wilt not despise Thy children. — Though the mountains melt before Thee, — though Thou breakest the cedars, — even the cedars of Lebanon, with Thy voice, — yet wilt Thou have compassion on Thy children. — Hear our prayer, O Lord, bow down Thine ear; — hear the voice of our supplication, — and keep us from all evil. — Spread Thy power around us as a shield; — shelter us beneath Thy wings. — Unto Thee, O Lord, unto Thee, — do we give honor and glory forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 148.

BENEDICTION.

PRIDE.

LUKE xiv. 7–14; JOHN xiii. 1–17; DAN. v.; 1 SAM. xvii.

HYMNS 174, 170, 260.

S. Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished.

P. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

S. Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.

P. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

S. The meek shall eat, and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek Him: your heart shall live forever.

P. Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly: but the proud He knoweth afar off.

S. For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in Heaven, — hallowed be Thy name; — we come to Thee in humility, — putting far from us all proud thoughts; — for who can stand before Thee! — What are we that Thou, O Father, — shouldest care for us, and love us! — O put from us all pride, — when we think of Him — whose life on earth was lowly, — and who ever loves the meek. — If we are proud because of riches, — may we remember Him — who had not where to lay His head. — If we are proud in our strength, — may we remember that we cannot make — even a blade of grass to grow!

O God, we are wholly in Thy hand! — Give us, we pray Thee, pure and lowly hearts, — through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 177, 102.

BENEDICTION.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

MATT. xvii.

HYMN 256.

S. The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

P. Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.

S. His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

P. The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

S. The heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory.

P. Sing unto the Lord with the harp: with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

S. Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof: the world and they that dwell therein.

P. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord.

S. For He cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.

P. The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up!

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, Creator of all things; — with the memory of Thy Son — we come to Thee. — Thou didst manifest Thy glory — with a voice from heaven; — O may the voice in our hearts — repeat the blessed words! — May we too see Christ in glory; — may we too have His love in our hearts! — O grant that by loving Him, — by doing as He has taught us, — we may be Thy beloved children!

Grant us this, and we can ask no more: — as Thy children, every want is supplied, — every blessing given. — As a Father pitieth his children, — so pitieth He all them that love Him. — May we ever love and obey — so kind a Father! — In Christ's name. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 148.

BENEDICTION.

TRUST IN GOD.

1 Samuel xvii.

HYMN 151.

S. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.

P. For the rod of the wicked shall not rest on the lot of the righteous.

S. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever.

P. Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in heart.

S. Put not your trust in princes, nor in man in whom there is no help.

P. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed.

S. For Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me.

S. & *P.* Into Thine hand I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!

PRAYER.

O GOD, truly our trust is in Thee! — In Thee we live, and move, — and have our being. — Thou art the Former of our bodies, — and the Father of our souls! — Thy word created us, and by Thy spirit — we are born to eternal life. — Truly our trust is in Thee. — Grant us Thy grace, lest we fall away — from our faith in Thy love. — For no evil in the world, — and by no evil in our lives, — may we faint in our trust. — And in the sense of Thy presence, — and by Thy spirit helping us, — may we be found — always Thy good children. — Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 30, 198.

BENEDICTION.

AUTUMN.

PSALMS civ.; 1 KINGS xvii.

8s & 7s M. HORNE.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground, —
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound: —

"Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread, —
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

"What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you; -
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
O receive our kindly warning, —
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

On the tree of life eternal,
Let our highest hopes be stayed;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

S. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all!

P. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.

S. When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon, and the stars which Thou hast ordained:

P. What is man, that Thou art mindful of him! And the son of man, that Thou visitest him!

S. Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

P. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure: yea, all of them

shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed.

S. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.

P. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!

PRAYER.

OUR Father in Heaven; — in this autumn season we come to Thee, — bearing thank-offerings and praise, — for the blessings of the year. — Now that the fruits are gathered in, — and the flowers are to be taken from us, — may we not forget that the same hand — which gave us the flowers of spring, — and the ripening fruits of summer, — has also given us an autumn, — full of pleasant memories of the past, — and full of promises for the future.

While the falling leaf warns us — that our days on earth are short, — yet the rest that Thou givest the earth — when it has done its yearly work — is a token of the rest we may have, — if only we live and serve Thee. — We thank Thee for the mercy — which has been with us so long, — and pray that it may never depart. — Hear our prayer, and answer us, — in the name of Jesus. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 117.

BENEDICTION.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

HYMNS 40, 163.

S. Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

P. If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there.

S. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

P. Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

S. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

P. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

S. Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see Him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.

P. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.

PRAYER.

GREAT God of the universe, — Thou who art with us ever, — even when we forget Thee; — hear the prayer Thy children offer; — as we worship before Thee to-day! — Grant unto us to feel Thy presence, — to know that Thy hand leadeth us — while we sleep, and when we awake; — at home and when we are far away; — blessing us when we do good, — and when we sin, O God, — leading us to repentance and forgiveness. — When we are tempted to sin, — may the thought that Thou, God, seest us — keep back our thoughts from evil.

May we remember that not alone — in the lightning and

thunder, — not alone in the tempest and whirlwind, — but in the heart of every one of us, — Thy voice speaks, if we will only hear it. — Be pleased to give us this blessing, — to know Thee, the ever-present God, — and Jesus, whom Thou hast sent! — In His name we offer our prayer. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 107, 190.

BENEDICTION.

HARVEST TIME.

RUTH ii.

C. M.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was [Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

S. Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God which is full of water: Thou preparest them corn when Thou hast so provided for it.

P. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: Thou settlest the furrows thereof:

S. Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blessest the springing thereof:

P. Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness.

S. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

P. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

PRAYER.

THY mercy, O our Father, — has given us the fruits of this year; — from Thee comes all that we enjoy, — all that we can call our own. — Thou hast been with us — from the time the blossoms opened, — until now when the harvests are ripe.

And, O God, while we bless Thee — for our earthly harvests, — let us not forget to pray Thee — that in that heavenly harvest, — when the archangel shall gather in — the righteous to Thy arms, — we may be found holy. — May our youth and our manhood — be devoted to Thee, — that our old age shall be Thine also. — Hear our prayer, and bless us, — through Thy mercy in Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 182.

BENEDICTION.

GOD'S MERCY.

PSALMS cvi.

HYMN 92.

S. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name.

P. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.

S. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

P. He will not always chide; neither will He keep his anger forever.

S. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

P. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.

S. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

P. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

PRAYER.

O HOLY and Most Merciful God, — in Thy fear and love we thank Thee — for Thy great goodness to us. — We bless Thee for the infinite compassion — with which Thou forgivest our sins, — and dost pity us, — even as a father pitieth his children.

Give us faith in Thy forgiving mercy, — that, trusting in Thy love, — we may more diligently obey Thy law.

We pray Thee remove our transgressions from us — as far as the east is from the west. — And may Thy spirit so guide us — that we may walk in Thy ways all our days, — through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 111.

BENEDICTION.

OUR COUNTRY.

PSALMS cvii.

HYMNS 156, 155.

S. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance.

P. We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

S. How Thou didst drive out the heathen with Thy hand, and plantedst them.

P. How Thou didst afflict the people and cast them out.

S. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them.

P. But Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them.

S. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

P. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee!

PRAYER.

O THOU who didst lead Israel like a flock, — and who makest the nations — to rejoice in Thy protection, — we pray Thee to look upon our country with favor, — and give unto us the sure defence of Thy blessing.

We thank Thee — for the good government of our fathers, — established by Thy help, — and for the example of their faith — and fear toward Thee.

Grant that in the same godly faith, — that government may be administered and sustained, — purely, righteously, and with a single aim — to serve Thy holy will.

Give unto our rulers heavenly wisdom, — give unto our people the spirit of obedience — both to our rulers and to Thee. — Bless our land with bountiful harvests, — and our souls with righteousness. — And grant that dwelling together — in unity and peace, — we may be indeed a people — whose God is the Lord! — In the name of Jesus Christ, — Thy well-beloved Son. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 79.

BENEDICTION.

FAITH.

HEB. xi. and xii. 1 – 2; ROMANS v.; REV. vii. 9 – 17; GEN. xxii. 1 – 19.

HYMN 194.

S. Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

P. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

S. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

P. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

P. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

S. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

P. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!

PRAYER.

OUR Heavenly Father, we thank Thee — that we can call Thee by that dear name. — We thank Thee, that in Jesus Christ — we have learned to know Thee, and to love Thee, — and to trust steadfastly in Thy love for us.

We pray Thee to give unto us the gift of faith, — that we may rest at peace — in the assurance of Thy watchful — and tender care for our souls. — When we are in trouble, — help us to look to Thee for comfort. — When we suffer, — heal our spirits by the belief that Thou — orderest all things for our good. — If we sin, renew in us the sense of Thy presence, — and so recall us — to the paths of virtue and holiness.

And whether Thou sendest to us joy or sorrow, — health or sickness, pleasure or pain. — Graciously assist us — to see Thy hand in all alike, — and lead us by all to repose in Thee — with a faith which nothing can remove.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 36.

BENEDICTION.

PLACE OF WORSHIP.

2 Chron. vi.

HYMNS 5, 241, 16, 15.

S. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his holy temple.

P. Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thy honor dwelleth.

S. The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

P. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

S. All the gods of the nations are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.

P. Honor and majesty are before Him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

S. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering, and come into His courts.

P. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him all the earth.

PRAYER.

GREAT God, our Father in heaven, — to Thee we come as children — who love to worship in Thy holy temple. — As each day of rest returns, — we come here to worship Thee; — to learn of Thy Son Jesus, and the way — to come to our heavenly home. — May this house be hallowed — by these holy purposes, — and may it indeed be good for us — to be here in Thy courts. — As we go hence to other duties, — may the memory of what we have learned — from Thy written law, in this our Sunday school, — abide with us forever. — When we are

tempted to sin, — may the thought of what we — have heard here restrain us. — May the holy influences — here planted in our breasts — go with us everywhere, — to keep us from sin, — and lead us to Thee. — Then shall this house — be a place of holy memories, — where we have been brought nearer to Thee. — Bless our meetings here, — through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 124, 173.

BENEDICTION.

TRUTH.

ACTS v. 1–11; MATT. xxvi. 31–35, 69–75; 2 KINGS v.

HYMNS 209, 210.

S. A false witness shall not go unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.

P. O Lord, remove from me the way of lying; and grant me thy law graciously.

S. I have chosen the way of truth; Thy judgments have I laid before me.

P. Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

S. But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

P. For by Thy words thou shalt be justified, and by Thy words thou shalt be condemned.

PRAYER.

HEAVENLY Father; — we humbly beseech Thee to save us — from the sin of deceiving with our tongue. — O Father, we are so weak, — that without Thy saving arm, — we yield to temptation very often, — and shield ourselves from man's eye — by denying when we are pressed. — O Father, forgive us; — may we remember that to Thee — all things are known; — no man can deceive Thee! — Bless us with Thy truth, — that never more shall falsehood — pollute our lips or our hearts. — Make us pure with Thy blessing. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 113.

BENEDICTION.

PATIENCE.

HEBREWS xii. 1–14.

L. M.

Patience, O what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove!

RIPPON'S COL.

By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

O for this grace, to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shore of endless rest!

S. I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry.

P. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

S. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

P. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.

S. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot his name out of the book of life.

P. But I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels.

S. Behold we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord:

P. That the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God; — although for a time we are cast down, — and Thy hand seems far from us, — yet will Thy love save us, — Thy arm shall raise us up. — If only we will wait Thy time!

Forgive us that the time seems long, — that what are moments to Thee, — seem days and years to us! — We are weak; — O Father, strengthen us: — we fear that Thou dost not hear us; — give us courage to wait Thy time. — May we patiently bear all sorrows, — looking steadfastly to Thee, — never doubting that Thou — wilt one day pity us, — and bless us with Thy love. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 76, 198.

BENEDICTION.

WINTER.

JOB xxvii.

C. M. WATTS.

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens He spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground,
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

S. By the breath of God frost is given: and the breadth of waters is straitened.

P. The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

S. He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

P. He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?

S. When the cold north-wind bloweth, and the water is congealed into ice, it abideth upon every gathering together of water, and clotheth the water as with a breast-plate.

P. He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of His strength.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God; at Thy command — the seasons come and go. — The blossoms, the springing grass, — the fruits of autumn, — are all Thy gifts. — And now it is Thy will — to send cold upon the earth, — to bind together the waters — and cover the ground with snow. — In all we see Thy mercy, — Thy love, and Thy power.

Heat and cold, summer and winter — obey Thee, but we Thy

children, — alone are disobedient. — O forgive us, and bring us again to Thee, — and when the earth again awakes — from the sleep of winter, — may it find us awake and praying — to enter Thy kingdom — as true and holy children. — Hear our prayer, through Christ our Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 181.

BENEDICTION.

CHARITY.

1 Corinthians xiii.; Matt. xxv. 31–46.

HYMN 217, 138.

S. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and that which he hath given will He pay him again.

P. The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

S. Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.

P. If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

S. Cast Thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

P. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

S. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

PRAYER.

GREAT God our Father, — to Thee we bring our humble — offering of devotion; — to Thee we give all praise. — O bow down Thine ear to hear — the prayers Thy children offer. — We pray for that blessed gift — of charity to all men — which shall make us beloved of Thee. — The poor are our brothers, — the erring are our brothers also; — we are all children of one Father. — Forgive us if we forget this. — Open your hearts to share with every one — what Thou hast given us. — To the poor may we give help; — may we clothe the naked, — and feed the starving, — and above all may we, by thy grace, — lead back our sinful brothers to Thy fold. — Never turning away in contempt, — nor suffering them to sin still more, — as those in whom we have no part, — but forgiving them as we hope to be forgiven; — teaching them, as Jesus has taught us, — the path to Heaven, — where all shall meet, — forgiving and forgiven, — through Christ our Lord. — In his name we offer our prayers. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 172, 142.

BENEDICTION.

THANKSGIVING.

HYMNS 104, 146, 206.

S. O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

P. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

S. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands!

P. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing.

S. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are His people and the sheep of His pasture.

P. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise:

S. Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth to all generations.

P. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever!

PRAYER.

GREAT God, our Father; — hear us as we come to thank Thee — for everything we enjoy, — for everything we have! — Thy hand formed us, — Thou art the Father of our spirits; — Thou hast given us dear parents, — Thou hast given us happy homes: — in Thy hand are our lives, — our health, our happiness! — For all these blessings we humbly thank Thee; — and for our country.

And for that gift greater than all, — better than life, or home, or friends, — Thy Son our Saviour. — Through Him Thou hast given us — life everlasting. — He will save us from all sin, — and bring us to Thee. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 181, 248, 94, 84.

BENEDICTION.

SUNDAY.

MATT. xii. 1 – 3.

HYMNS 196, 82, 241, 23, 28, 64.

S. Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.

P. This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

S. I will praise Thee: for Thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

P. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

S. Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.

P. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God; — on this day of rest; — in this house consecrated to Thee, — may we know what true rest is. — Thou hast commanded us — one day in seven to put aside — the cares of worldly things, — and to think of Thee, and of Thy will. — Not in idleness, nor in sloth, — to waste this precious season, — but in the spirit of Christ's teaching, — who on this blessed day rose from the dead, — to do the good our hand finds to do, — whether it be to help the unfortunate, — to raise the fallen down, — to teach Thy word, — or alone to meditate — on all Thou hast done for us, — and how we may better please Thee. — Thus make our Sundays blessed, — from the good we do — or the good we learn. — And to Thee be glory and honor forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent hope and fond desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place,
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon,

80, 12, 21, 265.

BENEDICTION.

PURITY.

MARK x. 13–31; MATT. iii.; DANIEL iii.

HYMNS 83, 186.

S. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

P. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

S. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

P. His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

S. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

P. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

S. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

P. Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

PRAYER.

HOLY One! — Angels veil their faces before Thee, — the stars tremble at Thy look, — for in Thy sight they are not clean. — But blessed are the pure in heart, — for they shall see Thee!

Make and keep our hearts pure, — so that we may see Thee as Thou art, — and be like Thee. — We would be such children — as make the kingdom of Heaven.

May we love without guile, — weep without anger, laugh without scorn, — and speak without bitterness. — May we work without impatience, — live without loss, — and die without fear. — Guard from all harm that childlike spirit, — which the Saviour loved, — and made honorable among His disciples. — And whether Thou call us away from earth — in early youth, or in a ripened age, — may we enter Thy kingdom as little children — coming to their Father's home, — at the call and promise of their Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 123.

BENEDICTION.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days in the times of old.

How Thou didst drive out the heathen with Thy hand, and plantedst them; how Thou didst afflict the people and cast them out.

For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them.

And all nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts.

The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation: He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my fathers' God, and I will exalt Him.

Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto Thy holy habitation.

When there were but a few men in number; yea, very few, and strangers in it.

When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people.

He suffered no man to do them wrong; yea, He reproved kings for their sakes.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy; and gathered them out of the lands, from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

L. M. 61. H. Ware, Jr.

Like Israel's hosts to exile driven,
Across the flood the Pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

Then, where their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew.
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple Heaven, and Christ her head.

Then let the grateful Church to-day
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
O bless, as Thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

S. The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

P. He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters.

S. He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me; for they were too strong for me.

P. They prevented me in the day of my calamity; but the Lord is my stay.

S. He brought me forth also into a large place; He delivered me, because He delighted in me.

P. For all His judgments were before me, and I did not put away His statutes from me.

S. Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them.

P. They cried unto Thee and were delivered; they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded.

S. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

P. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

PRAYER.

GREAT God of nations; — led by Thy hand, our fathers — dared to cross a stormy ocean — to a wild and unknown shore, — that they might be free to worship Thee. — Thou didst bring them here; — Thou didst bless them, — and make of them a mighty nation, — because they feared Thee. — In mercy Thou hast continued — with us, thy children. — May we, too, fear and honor Thee, — grateful for all our blessings. — May we never by our sin — lose the freedom Thou hast given us! — May our land be Thy chosen land, — where the oppressed of all nations shall come — to find peace and prosperity. — Bless our country, O Father, — be Thou our God, and to Thee — shall all the people come — with thank-offerings and praise. — Bless us, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

L. M. FLINT.

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blessed, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,
That Thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them, as they grew,
A vineyard to the Planter dear!

The toils they bore our ease have wrought!
They sowed in tears, in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

BENEDICTION.

CHRISTMAS.

LUKE ii. 1–40.

HYMNS 180, 85, 152.

S. Glory to God in the highest.
P. And on earth peace, good will toward men.
S. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel;
P. For he hath visited and redeemed his people.
S. To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant.
P. That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us.

S. And we being delivered from all evil, might serve Him without fear,

P. In holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.

S. Unto us is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

S. & P. Thanks be to God for His great mercy, for He hath given us life eternal through Jesus Christ our Lord.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, Thou gavest us life, — and now Thou hast given us what is better than life, — immortality through Thy Son, and through Him forgiveness and regeneration. — O make us worthy of this gift; — lead our hearts to follow all Christ's teachings. — May we make His purity our purity, — His truth our truth, and His love our love. — May we remember that by doing as He did, — and He has taught us to do; — loving each other; forgiving those that injure us; — resisting temptation; overcoming evil with good; — and in all things making ourselves like Him; — we shall be His loved disciples, and Thy loved children. — O Father, lead us in His ways, — that when we die here, — we may be born into a better world, — to be with Thee and with Christ forever. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMNS 68, 235, 38.

BENEDICTION.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

2 Kings ii.; Psalm xxvi.

C. M. Browne.

And now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my fleeting moments run,
The few which yet remain!

Awake, my soul; with all thy care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ so freely given!

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on His grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMNS 165, 125.

S. Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence!

P. When I said, My foot slippeth; Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.

S. In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul.

P. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage!

S. I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

P. We have thought of Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.

S. Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort; Thou hast given commandment to save me; for Thou art my rock and fortress.

P. The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer!

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God; in this solemn season; — at the close of a year which has gone, — never to be recalled; its record — never to be changed, — we come in prayer to Thy throne.

Thou knowest whether it be good — that we have done this year, or evil; — Thou alone knowest all we have done, — or wished or thought; all that we have left undone! — If we have loved Thee, and kept Thy commandments, hallow to us the memory of the year that is going. — May it cheer us onward and upward, — that each year we may come nearer to Thee!

But if, O Father, we have sinned, — if we have forgotten Thee, — may we return to Thee, and repent: — let not the sun of this day, — and of this year, go down on our sin. — Thou art all merciful, — and we will come to Thee for forgiveness. — Forgive us, O Lord, wipe away all sin; — put our transgressions far from us, — and wipe out our iniquity!

For the countless blessings of the year, — our lives, our parents, and friends, — our homes, our health, our happiness, — we thank Thee! Thou hast given to us — everything we can need: — O may we return to Thee, a living heart, — a pure and meek spirit! — Thou canst do everything for us, — this alone can we do for Thee. — Be pleased to accept our offering, — lead us through the coming year, — if it be Thy will, free from sin, — and bring us to Thyself through Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 145, 127.

BENEDICTION.

OCCASIONAL.

RETURN TO SCHOOL.

Psalm cxxii.

HYMN 13.

S. How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

P. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

S. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.

P. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee.

S. Behold, O God, our Shield, and look upon the face of Thy anointed. For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.

P. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

S. For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

P. O Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee!

PRAYER.

OUR Father in heaven, with grateful hearts we return — to this consecrated place to praise Thee. — In all the time of our separation, — in all our various wanderings, — Thy presence has still been with us in blessing, — amid the beauties of Thy creation, — among the friends so dear to us, — we have felt Thy love and care, — and now as this precious season of reunion returns, — may we enter upon its duties with an increasing desire — for knowledge and virtue.

May we never waste one moment of time allotted to us here, — or neglect one opportunity for good. — But by careful heed to all the instructions given, — by ready obedience to all the requirements of the place, — and by constantly remembering — that Thou, God, seest us, — may we find at the close of each Sabbath — that we have made some advance in the onward and upward way. — That we have gained new strength to overcome temptation, — in whatever form it may present itself, — and an increasing love for all that is pure and true. — We thank Thee that Thou hast restored to us our Teachers, — and we pray Thee give them wisdom — to guide us in the heavenly way. — And may we never disappoint their hopes — and defeat their efforts — by indifference and waywardness and sin. — We thank Thee for the continued health of our Pastor. — Inspire him to be more and more the Good Shepherd of this fold, — and may his heart never be saddened — by seeking in vain for any lamb — strayed from the flock Thou hast intrusted to him. — Help us all, O our Father, — through all this year on which we enter, — to be faithful to each other, — to the teachings of Thy Son, our Saviour, — and thus to Thee. — We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

HYMN 96.

BENEDICTION.

ANNIVERSARY.

ROMANS xii.

HYMN.

S. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

P. With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not wander from Thy commandments!

S. Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee.

P. Blessed art Thou, O Lord: teach me Thy statutes.

S. With my lips have I declared all the judgments of Thy mouth.

P. I have rejoiced in the way of Thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

S. I will meditate in Thy precepts, and have respect unto Thy ways.

P. I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy word.

REPORT OF SUPERINTENDENT.

HYMN.

S. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice;

P. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.

S. Be ye, therefore, followers of God as dear children;

P. And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us.

PRAYER.

OUR Father which art in heaven, — hallowed be Thy name. — Thy kingdom come, — Thy will be done on earth — as it is done in heaven. — Give us this day our daily bread. — And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. — And lead us not into temptation, — but deliver us from evil. — For Thine is the kingdom and the power — and the glory forever. Amen.

ADDRESSES.

PRAYER BY PASTOR.

CHARGE BY SUPERINTENDENT

Continue thou in the things thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good repute; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

HYMN 2.

BENEDICTION.

RAINY SUNDAY.

GENESIS vi. 5 — vii. 22.

HYMNS 192, 107.

S. Behold God is great, and we know Him not, neither can the number of His years be searched out.

P. For He maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain according to the vapor thereof;

S. Which the clouds do drop and distil upon man abundantly.

P. And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, but the wind passeth and cleanseth them.

S. Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

P. God hath sent it, that the earth may bring forth grass and herbs for man.

S. Even in the clouds and in the rain do we behold God's mercy;

P. In the darkness and shadows He is with us, His right hand blesseth us!

PRAYER.

O GOD, who sendest Thy rain — upon the just and upon the unjust, — and givest the gifts of Thy mercy — unto all Thy children with bountiful hand, — we pray Thee to nourish our souls — with the dews of Thy grace, — that we may acknowledge — our continued dependence upon Thee.

We thank Thee — that Thou makest big the drops of water, — so that the heavens drop fatness on the thirsty land, — to fill it with plenty and gladness; — and we beseech Thee that it may be even so with us!

When the clouds of sorrow come around us, — may we be gladdened by the light — of Thy countenance within our hearts; — and may nothing hide from us the bow of promise, — which Thou hast set in the clouds. — And as the rain cometh down from heaven — and returneth not, but watereth the earth, — and maketh it bring forth and bud, — that it may give seed to the sower, — and bread to the eater, — so refresh our souls with the showers of Thy blessing, — that we may bring forth abundantly the fruits of the Spirit, — righteousness, love, joy, and peace.

We ask these blessings in the name — of Thy dear Son, our Lord. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS.

HYMN 91.

BENEDICTION.

ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

As is the earth, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Behold I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

But I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away;

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

DEATH OF A TEACHER.

HYMN 232.

S. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

P. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

S. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

P. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

S. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern;

P. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

PRAYER.

HEAVENLY Father, in Thy providence, — Thou hast called from us to heaven — one who has been very dear to us; — from whose lips of truth and gentleness — we have all learned more of Thy word, — more of Thy love to us. — Father, it has seemed good to Thee — to, even now, crown a righteous life — with immortality. — Though dead to us, — another angel is born to Thee — to worship at Thy throne. — We know that the reward of a life — true and pure and holy on earth — is life everlasting.

O may our loss here below — lead us all to look to Thee; — to Thy heaven, our only sure home, — where we shall all meet again, — through the mercy of Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS OR ADDRESSES.

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word:
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

"Forever with the Lord!"
— Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord."

BENEDICTION.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

HYMNS 53, 131.

S. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

P. Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

S. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

P. O death, where is thy sting?

S. O grave, where is thy victory?

P. Death is swallowed up in victory!

S. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that

neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come;

P. Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

S. Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

P. For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, — Thou hast called a dear one to Thyself. — Another one of Thy children — has heard the blessed call, Come unto me, — and is an angel before Thy throne. — O Father, hallow to us the memory — of the departed! — May the happy hours we have spent together, — here at school and elsewhere, — leave happy memories on our hearts.

Comfort us by the knowledge, — that those we lose on earth — we gain in heaven, where they all — shall prepare a place for us, — if only we will be good and true — here below, as Jesus has taught us.

Hear our prayer, Father, — and answer us, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS OR ADDRESSES.

HYMNS 232, 233.

BENEDICTION.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

ROMANS xii.

HYMNS 169, 134.

S. Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

P. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.

S. By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep His commandments.

P. For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments; and His commandments are not grievous.

S. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life whereunto thou art also called.

P. Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good.

S. Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

P. Rejoice evermore.

S. Pray without ceasing.

P. Abstain from all appearance of evil.

S. & *P.* Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good repute; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

S. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father, — we thank Thee for the pleasant season — we have enjoyed together in Thy house. — May what we have heard here — sink deep into our hearts. — May the love of Thy truth go with us — wherever we may be, — until, if it be Thy will, we meet here again.

Keep us, O Father, beneath the shadow of Thy wing, — that we may be strong to resist temptation, — active in doing Thy will; — pure in all our thoughts; — kind and loving to all men. — Thus may we order our lives, — that, if in Thy providence, — we may never meet again on earth, — we shall all be together in heaven, — through Christ our Saviour. Amen.

CLASS LESSONS OR ADDRESSES.

HYMN 14.

BENEDICTION.

THE BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

ASCRIPTION.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

BENEDICTIONS.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us: and cause His face to shine upon us. Amen.

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied. Amen.

Grace be unto you, and peace, from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come. Amen.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Grace be with you, mercy and peace from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of the Father, in truth and love. Amen.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace! Amen.

YOUTHFUL VOICES.

1. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Be thou, O God! ex - alt-ed high; And, as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

2

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

3

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

Closing Hymn.

2. 1

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

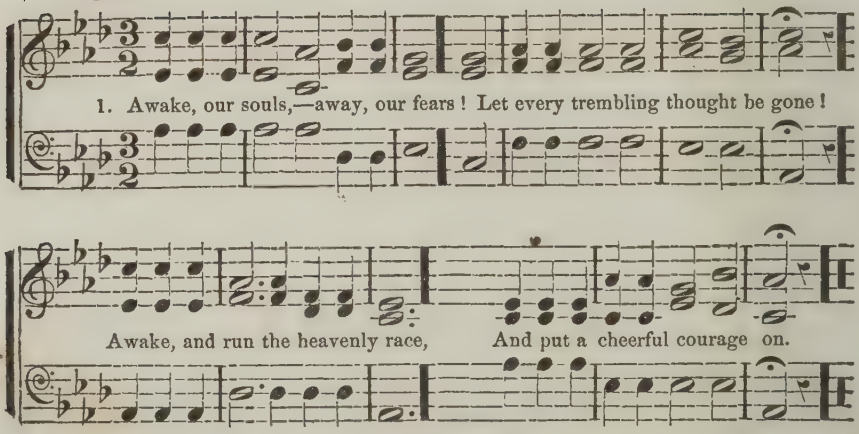
2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.
By permission.

3.



2

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

---

4. 1

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above;
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free;
And thou its binding blessing move
Round each with all, and all with thee.

---

5. 1

We come! we come! with loud acclaim
To sing the praise of Jesus' name;
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannas to our King.

2

With joyful heart and smiling face,
We gather round the throne of grace,
And lowly bend to offer there,
From youthful lips our humble prayer.

3

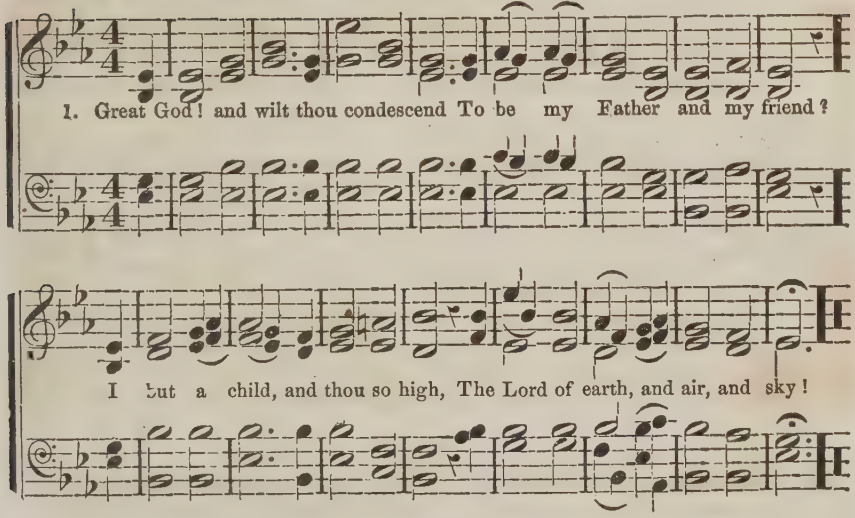
We come! we come! the song to swell,
To him who loved the world so well;
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still.

4

Oh! thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

6.

From "Ancient Lyre," by permission.



2

Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4

Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

7.

1

Great God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing the mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours;
The hand from which our being came.

2

Seasons and moons, revolving round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3

Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

4

Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

8.

1

Come let us all, with heart and voice,
To God our Father sing and pray,
In his unceasing love rejoice,
And thank him for this pleasant day.

2

The clear blue sky looks full of love:
Let all our selfish passions cease;
O, let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, peace!

3

If we have done another wrong,
O, let us seek to be forgiven!
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to heaven.

4

This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy,
When all around is calm and fair,
Shall we the harmony destroy?

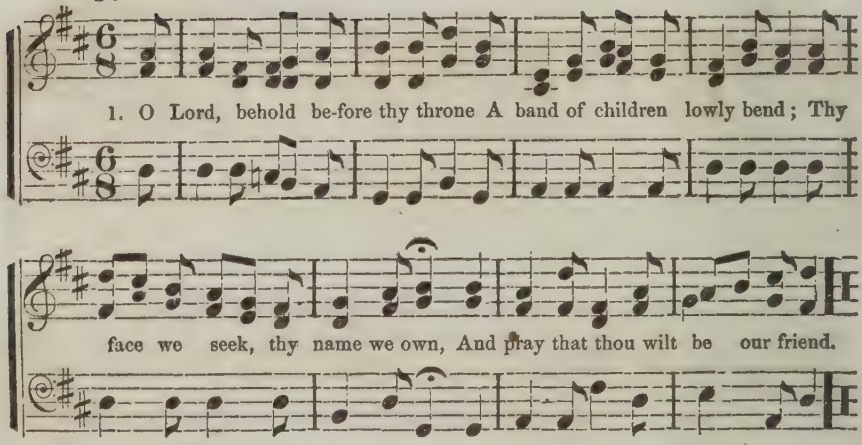
5

O, may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin!
Then will each day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

PEACE. L. M.

9.

Arranged from ABT.



2

Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

3

Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That it may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4

Oh, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

---

10. 1

Let children to their God draw near,
With rev'rence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Maker, Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

2

Lord, may thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to thee;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3

Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the strait and narrow way.

---

11. 1

I now am but a little child;
My hands are weak, my strength is small,
Yet I can seek, and I can love,
The Lord Almighty, God of all.

2

He gave my life to me at first;
He loves the little child he made;
He keeps me safe through all the day,
And guards me when in sleep I'm laid.

3

If I obey and love his law,
He'll teach me all I need to know,
And take me in his arms on high
When I have lived my life below.

12. "Golden Chain," by permission of the Author, Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. We leave our tasks, we leave our play, To think of thee, O God, to - day;

$ End.

O teach our hearts and tongues to raise The prayer of faith, the song of praise.
May selfish passions all be still, While we in - quire to know thy will.

D.C. $

Let not an earthly thought an - noy The pleasure of this sweet employ

13.

1

Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.
O Lord, our God, be pleased to bless,
And crown our studies with success,
In our young hearts thy truth instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

2

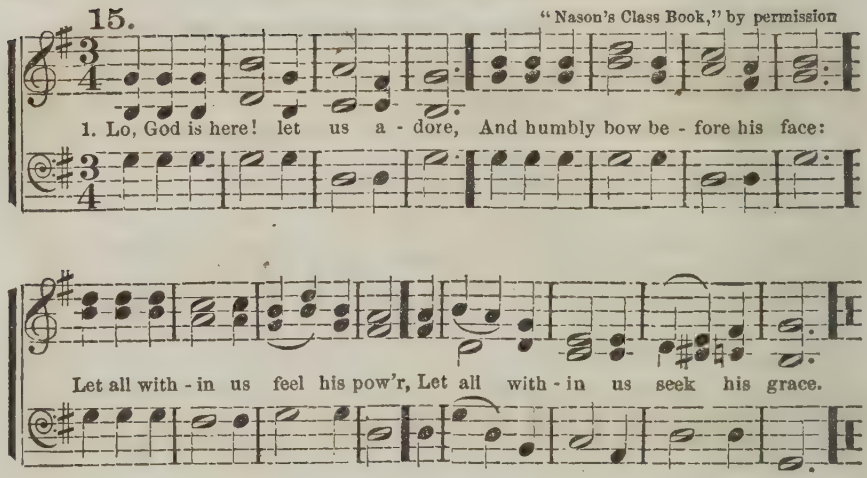
Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.
When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar:
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

14.

Retiring from our school once more,
Thy blessing, Father, we implore;
Still may we keep the heavenly way,
And serve and please thee thro' the day
As in thy temple we appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear;
Thy truth impart, thy love instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

15.

"Nason's Class Book," by permission



2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

16.

1 Come to God's altar! Oh, draw near!
In trusting love, in humble fear:
He calls thee now his face to meet,
Then haste and bow thee at his feet.

2 Come to God's altar! Oh, draw near!
And gladly come! for God is here;
Come at the call of that kind voice,
That bids thee in his love rejoice.

3 Come to God's altar! Oh! draw near!
With grateful praises gather here,
Your Father calls,—your Maker, Friend,
Oh, come! and in his presence bend.

17.

1 Almighty God, by thy great power,
I hail again the morning hour;
How fair the green fields meet my eyes!
How sweet the birds sing in the skies!

2 How fresh appear the hills and trees!
And O! how pure the morning breeze:
I bless thy love in all I see,
For were not these things made for me?

3 Not me alone—for thou hast given
Thy good to all beneath the heaven;
And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.

4 And though a child and weak I be,
I yet may bend myself to thee,
And join my feeble voice to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

18.

1 O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

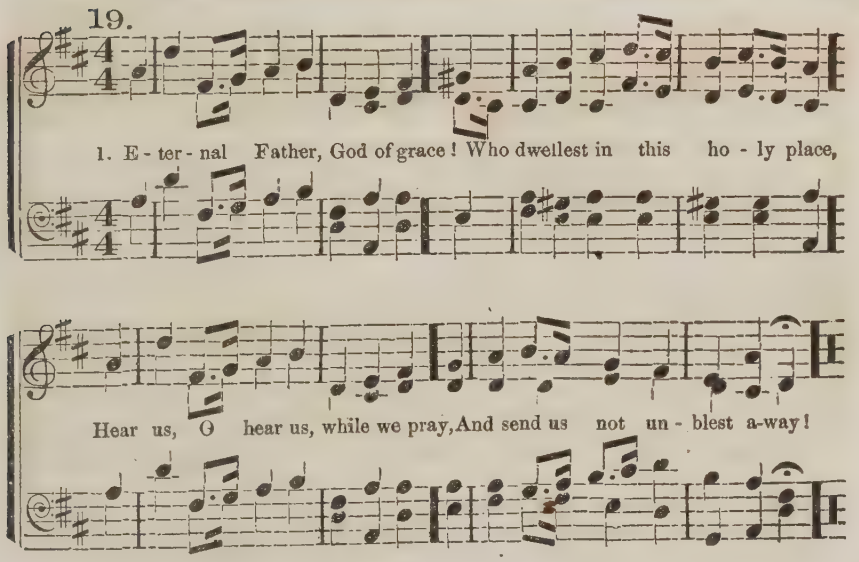
2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleams of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

KEBLE.

19.



2

Look on us now, and bless us here;
We fain would worship in thy fear:
O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3

Not many years our feet have run,
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one:
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

4

In life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh;
And may the pang that sets us free,
Waft every spirit home to thee!

---

20. 1

Our youthful souls in rapture raise
To Heaven the joyous song of praise;
While thro' the opening door of spring,
Our true heart-offerings here we bring;

2

We listen to calm nature's voice,
She bids us in God's love rejoice;
And tells us with ten thousand tongues,
To Him alone, all Praise belongs.

3

Her lesson shall all hearts inspire—
Each spirit light with living fire,
In ways of peace and joy to move,
And be the children of God's love.

---

21. 1

We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.

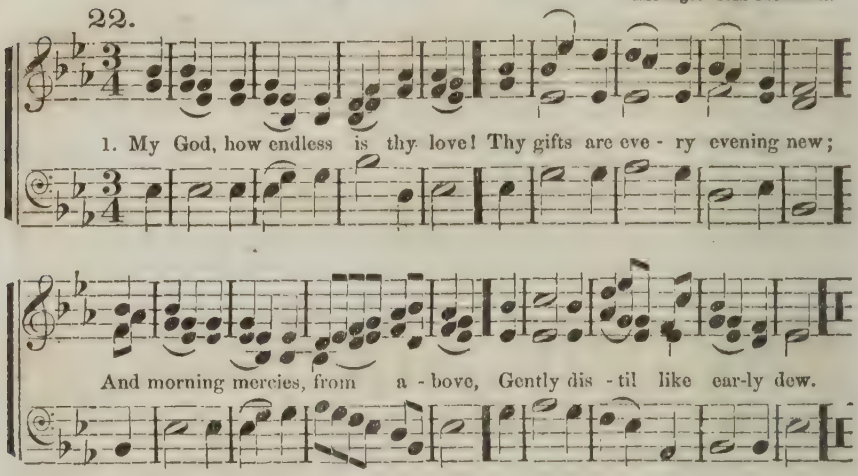
3

We would our prayers with fervor bring,
And lay them at thy sacred throne,
And render praise, O heavenly King,
To thee, who praise canst claim alone.

 "My God! how endless is thy love." L. M. Double.

Arranged from MOZART.

22.



2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

23.

1 We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
We would improve the calm repose;
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

MRS. GILMAN.

24.

1 The way-side flower receives the air
Into its little, lonely breast;
Then breathes a grateful perfume there:
And flower and air alike are blest.

2 The sunlight falls upon the stream,
Gliding through rough, uneven ways;
It leaps up with a joyous gleam;
And both are brighter, stream and rays.

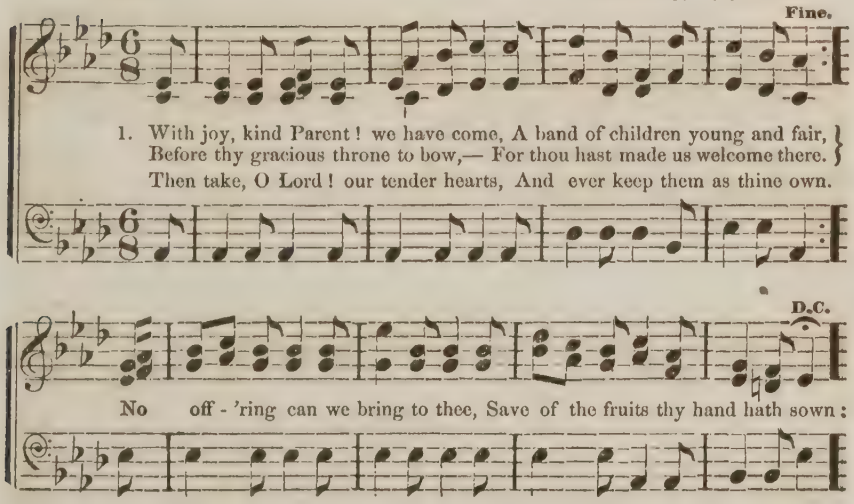
3 'Tis not alone the good we do,
That makes the gladness of the heart:
What we receive is blessed too;
All take, and all in turn impart.

4 We all are children of one home;
Our Father guards with equal care;
From Him our varied blessings come,—
Varied that we the gifts may share.

5 So sickness ministers to health,
By patient meekness, daily taught;
So poverty enriches wealth
By warming heart, expanding thought.

8 And health and wealth pay back the good,
By care and comfort freely given;
We all are children of one blood,
One Christ, one Father dear in heaven.

25. "Golden Harp," by permission.



2

If through the varied scenes of life
It still should be our lot to stray,
Teach us to find the narrow path,
And humbly walk in wisdom's way.

So shall that peace attend our lives
Earth cannot give, or take away,
Crowning the joys of early youth,
And gilding life's declining day.

---

26. 1

In these bright hours of blooming youth,
Father, we feel and own thy truth;
Thy mercies with increasing age
Shall still our grateful hearts engage!

No human power shall e'er control
This settled purpose of the soul,
Or urge our steadfast minds to stray
From wisdom's straight and narrow way.

2

From "Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools."

27. *The Voice of God.*

1

The voice of God, in accents clear,
Is heard above, below, around;
To all his children far and near,
The universe repeats the sound.

Through the thick grove of lofty trees,
Where cheerful sunbeams never shine,
It whispers in the gentle breeze,
Yes, list! and hear the voice divine.

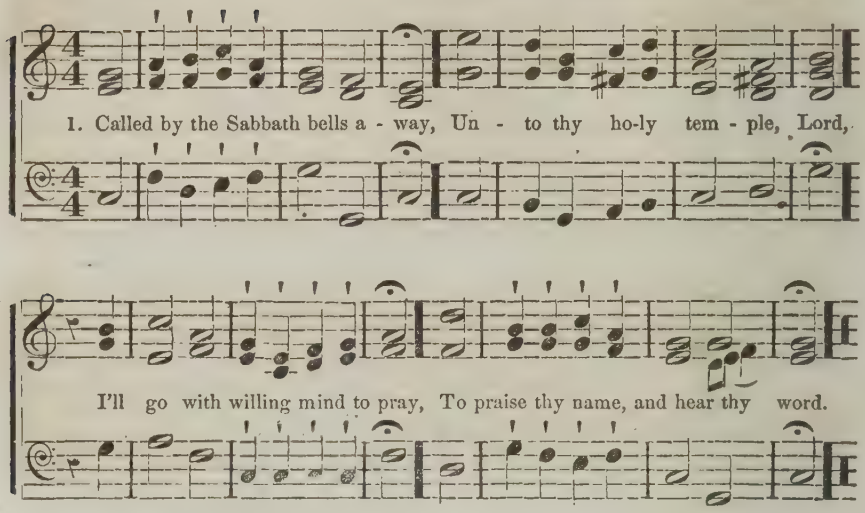
2

And every flower, and every plant,
The heavens, the earth, and ocean's waves,
In one sweet strain his glories chant,
With songs of triumph hymn his praise.

But sweeter far his voice is heard,
Telling of heaven, and peace, and love,
To those who keep his holy word,
To those who hope for joys above.

28.

From the "American Harp," by permission.



2

O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

3

Dear are the peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

29.

When to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above;

2

Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways:
Oh! let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise.

3

Oh! may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

30.

From Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

1

See from the east the sun arise,
His joyous beams now fill the skies,
With cheerful rays of glory bright,
He scatters all the clouds of night.

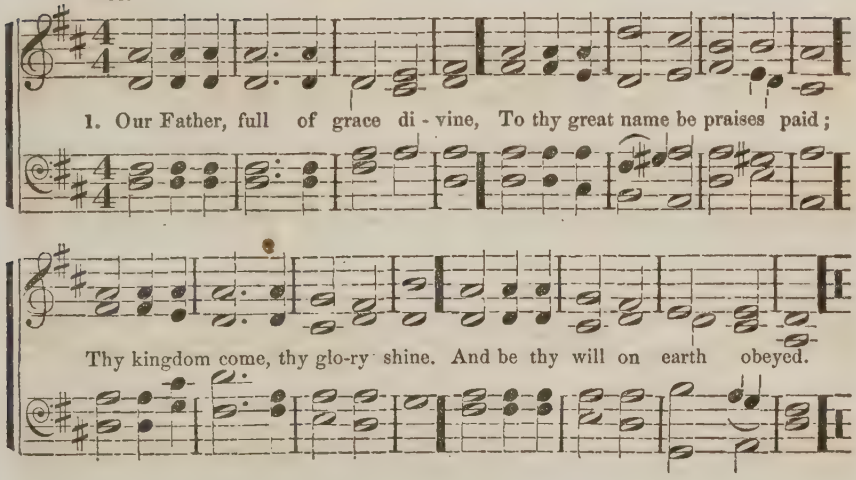
2

Oh Father, may we, like the sun,
Begin our heavenward course to run;
Send to our minds fair wisdom's ray,
To chase the shades of doubt away.

3

And, when obedient to thy laws,
He from the world his light withdraws,
So may we, when life's task is done,
Sleep sweetly as the setting sun.

31.



2

Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truths feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3

Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And let us free from evil live.

4

For thine's the kingdom, and the power,
And all the glory waits thy name:
Let every land thy grace adore,
And sound a long and loud Amen.

---

32. 1

Father! adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2

Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
And, as we in thy kindness share,
Let fellow-men of ours partake.

3

Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Be thine the glory evermore!

From "Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools."

33. 1

Father of mercies! God of love,
Our Maker and our sovereign King,
Bend from thy heavenly throne above,
And bless thy children while we sing.

2

Inspire our feeble tongues with skill,
The wonders of thy works to praise,
And give our infant minds the will
To walk in wisdom's peaceful ways.

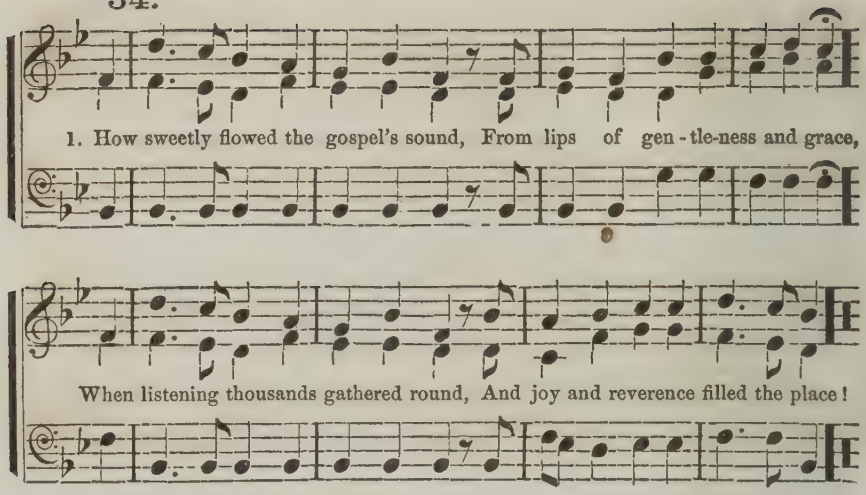
3

And may we never, Lord, in youth,
Thy heavenly precepts disobey;
Or leave the pleasant path of truth,
In sin's deceitful ways to stray.

4

So shalt thou grant thy children strength,
The varied ills of life to bear;
Receive our souls in heaven at length,
To live with thee forever there.

34.



2

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

3

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

---

35. 1

In Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2

A voice unknown the stillness broke;
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose; he asked whence came the word.
From Eli? No—it was the Lord.

36. 1

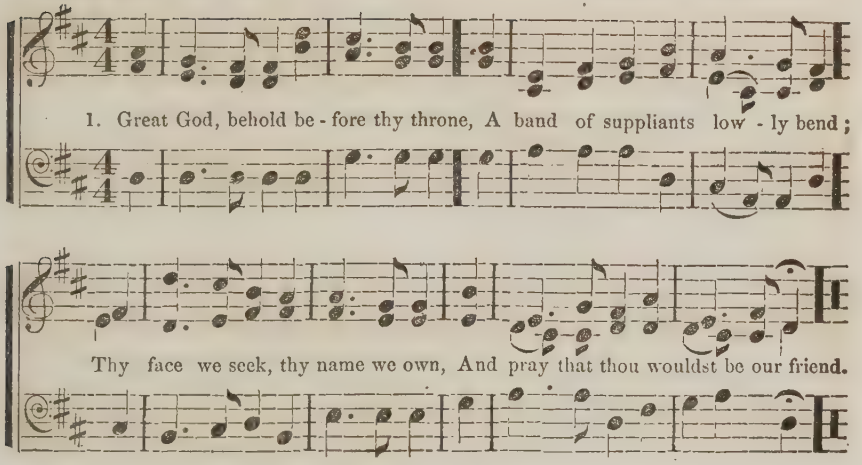
While yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin,—

2

Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer

37.

Arranged from Mendelssohn.



2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That it may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3 O let thy grace our hearts renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there!
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

38.

1 The Saviour comes! let earth proclaim,
With songs and choral hymns, the day—
The Saviour comes! lo! at his name,
The clouds of darkness fade away.

2 Let every heart and every tongue,
With holy joy and grateful praise,
Unite in chanting forth the song,
And high to heaven the accents raise.

3 The Saviour comes! the star shines bright—
A welcome sign of heavenly love—
A guiding ray—a beacon light,
Which leads the soul to worlds above.

4 Supported by his Father's hand,
His Father's voice—his Father's word,
He comes, to spread o'er every land,
The blessing and the love of God.

5 For these rich gifts, so freely given,
We humbly bow before thy throne,
And lift our youthful hearts to heaven,
With praise to Thee, Eternal One.

6 At early morn, at daylight's close,
Till from life's varied scenes we rest,
O may our hearts on thee repose,
And with a Saviour's love be blest.

39.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

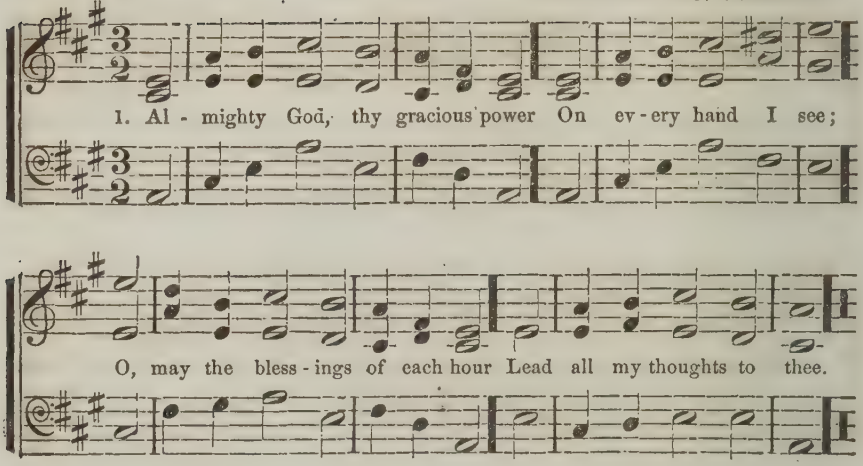
5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

40.

CH. ZEUNER.
From the Am. Harp, by permission.



2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead,
Thy love my path surround.

3 Thy power is on the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God I see;
And all the blessings I receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee my hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
My Father and my Friend!

41.

1 O thou, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend!
Lo, at the footstool of thy love,
Thy children humbly bend.

2 All reverence to thy name be given;
Thy kingdom wide displayed;
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.

3 Our table may thy bounty spread,
From thine exhaustless store,
From day to day with daily bread,—
Nor would we ask for more.

4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend;
From all temptation, Lord, relieve,
From every ill defend.

5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Thro' the broad earth and spacious sky,
Both now and evermore.

42.

1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

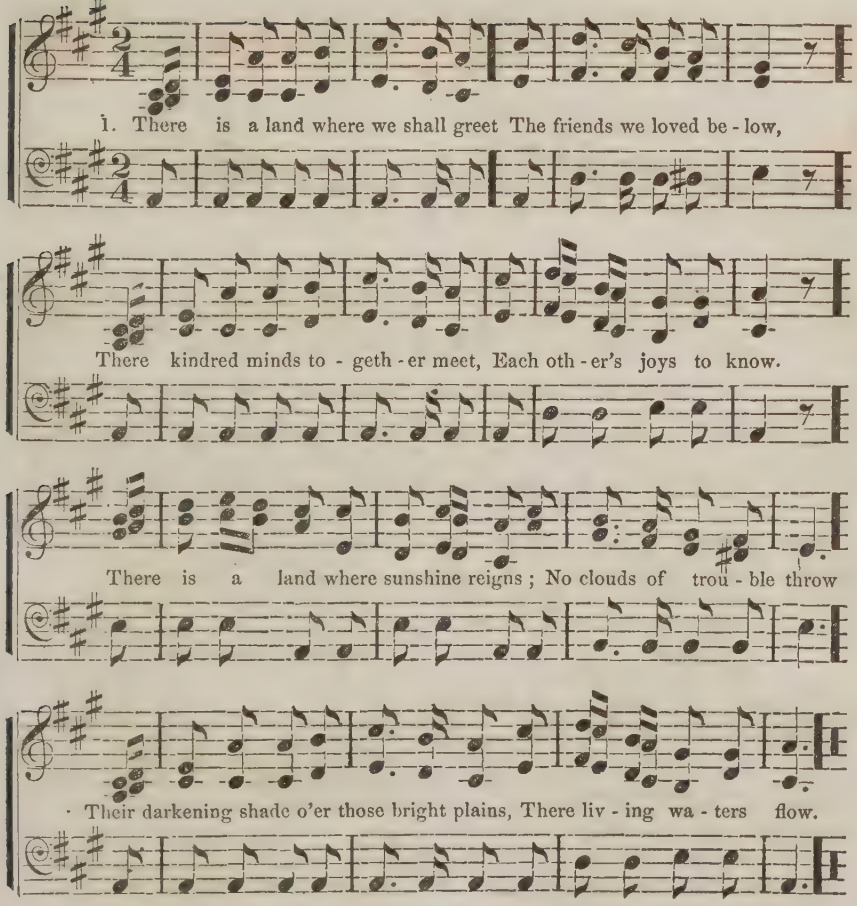
3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

ENFIELD.

43. Modern Harp.



2 No wasting sickness there shall shed
Its blight, where all is fair;
Nor gloomy war its horrors spread,
For all are happy there.
Since with the eye of faith we view
Those scenes above the sky;
May we prepare to dwell there too,
Where we shall never die.

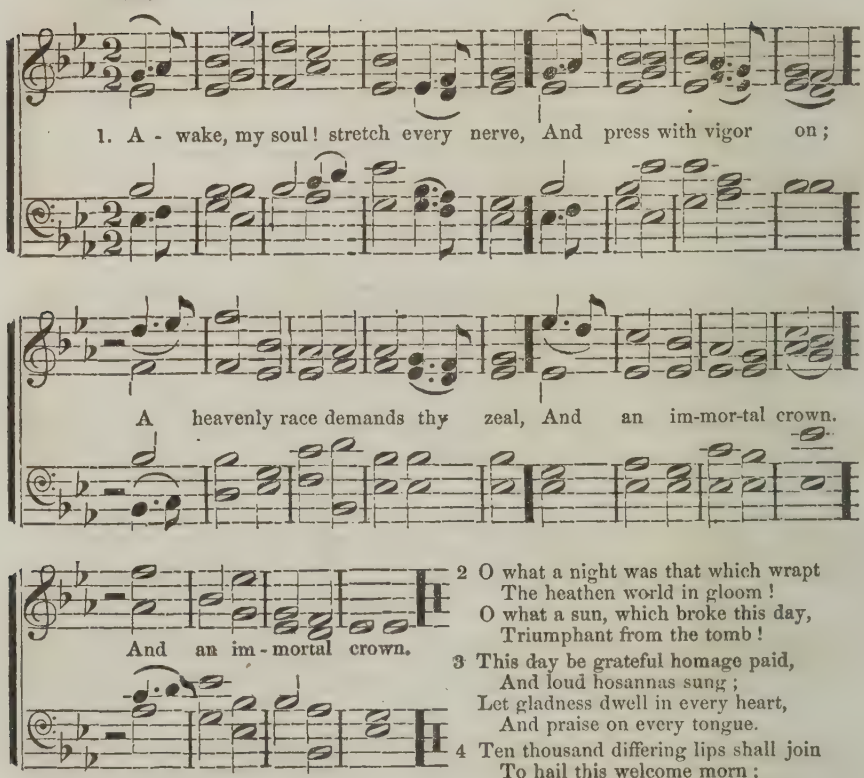
Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

44.

1 It was our Heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.
He gives us all our parents dear,
Our teachers kind and true;
He bids us all their precepts hear,
And all they teach us do.

2 God sees and hears us all the day,
And in the darkest night;
He views us when we disobey,
And when we act aright.
God hears what we are saying now,
O, what a wondrous thought!
Our Heavenly Father! teach us how
To love thee as we ought.

45.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

DODDRIDGE.

46.

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

BARBAULD.

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47. *Early Piety.*

1 My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below
Doth send him round the skies.

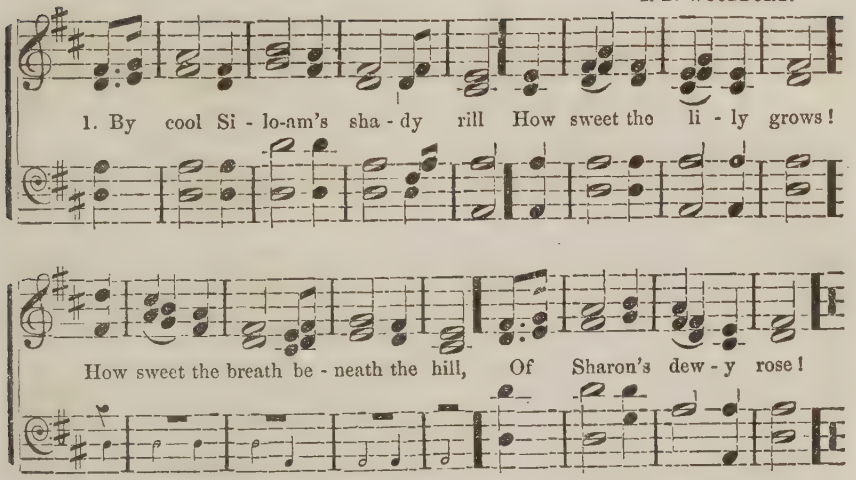
2 When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,—
Nor let my soul complain,
That all the morning of my days
Has been consumed in vain.

48. *Early Piety.*

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, inspir'd with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou! who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

HEBER.

49.

1 How happy those dear children were
Whom Jesus took and blessed:
Whom, when he breathed the fervent prayer,
He folded to his breast!

2 How powerful was that prayer to bring
All blessings from above!
How sure to lead them to the spring
Of everlasting love!

3 How mighty to preserve from sin
And every dangerous snare!—
Well might we wish that we had been
Among the children there.

4 But, thanks unto the children's Friend,
He is the same to-day,
As when he thus refused to send
Those babes unblest away.

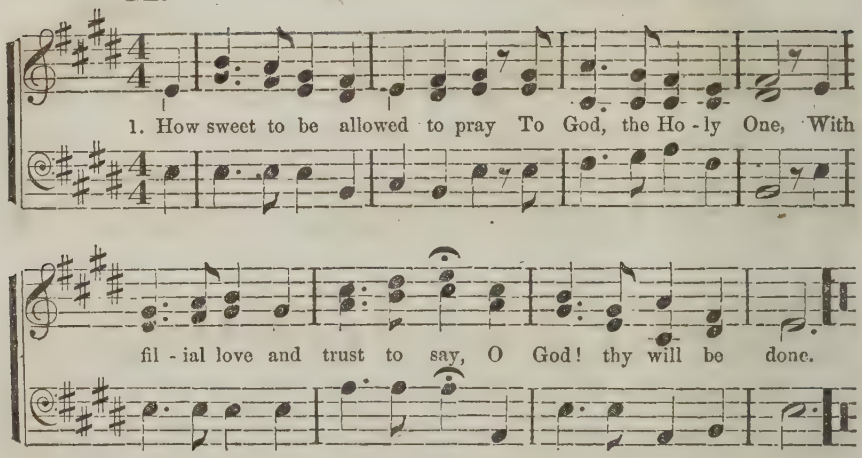
50.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Suffer the little ones," he says,
"Forbid them not to come;
Of such is heaven; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home."

3 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

51.



2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

FOLLEN.

52.

Children dedicating themselves to the Lord.

1 O Lord, we're taught thy name to fear,
We're taught thy name to love:
What shall we do? How live while here,
To gain a crown above?

2 We would give up our youthful days,
Our souls, our all, to thee;
Our feeble pow'rs, our words and ways,
And thine alone would be.

3 Our thoughts, affections, all we are,
In this desire unite,
To be the children of thy care,
And walk with thee in light.

4 Accept the humble sacrifice
We offer at thy throne,
And when to worlds above we rise,
Accept us as thine own.

53.

1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

4 Fold her, O Father in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

WHITTIER.

54. From S. S. Lute.

1. Again from calm and sweet repose, I rise to hail the dawn; Again my waking
2. Glo - ry to thee, Eternal Lord! Oh! teach my heart to pray! And thy blest Spirit's

eyes unclose, To view the smiling morn. Great God of love! thy praise I'll sing; For
help afford, To guide me thro' the day. Let every thought and word accord With

thou hast safely kept My soul beneath thy guardian wing, And watched me while I slept.
thy most holy will; Each deed the precepts of thy word With pious aim fulfil.

55. 1

Almighty Father! at whose word
This breathing world arose,
By whom the simplest prayer is heard,
That lisping childhood knows.
The shades of night have passed away,
And thou hast guarded me;
Incline me through another day
To give my soul to thee.

2

O may thy goodness be my song,
Thy service my delight;
Lead me away from what is wrong,
And teach me what is right.
For Jesus' sake, thy love bestow,—
Be all my sins forgiven;
In wisdom may I daily grow,
And thus prepare for heaven.

56. 1

How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!
And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

2

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there within this little breast
That which outshines each star?
Yes: should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

57. From "Anniversary Hymns and Music."

1. Bright was the guid-ing star that led, With mild, be - nig - nant ray,
The Gentiles to the low - ly bed Where our Re - deem - er lay.
2. O, haste to fol-low where it leads; The gracious call o - bey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads, The Christian's destined way.

But lo! a brighter, clear - er light Now points to his 'a - bode; It
O, glad-ly tread the nar-row path, While light and grace are given; Who

shines thro' sin and sor-row's night, To guide us to our Lord.
meekly fol - low Christ on earth, Shall reign with him in heaven.

58.

1

In the green fields of Palestine,
And by its winding rills,
Along the Jordan's sacred stream
And o'er the vine-clad hills,
Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The holiest, the happiest.
And yet of humblest birth.

2

How beautiful his childhood was,
Harmless and undefiled!
O, dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!
Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

59. *God, our Father.*

1 Even he, who lit the stars of old,
And filled the ocean broad,
Whose works and ways are manifold—
Our Father is our God.
There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.

2 Then, as his children we may come,
For he hath called us near,
And bade our souls take courage from
The love that casts out fear.
Lord, while on earth we work and pray,
For good withheld or given;
Help us in faith and love to say,
Father, who art in heaven!

RICKARD.
"Nason's Class Book."

1. There is a book who runs may read, Which heavenly truth im - parts,
2. The glo-rious sky, em - brac - ing all, Is like the Maker's love,

And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small In peace and or - der move.

The works of God a - bove, be-low, With - in us and a - round,
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see, And love this sight so fair,

Are pa-ges in that book, to show How God him-self is found.
Give me a heart to find out thee, And read thee eve - ry - where.

61. 1

The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth! the present hour,
Of that thou hast most need.
The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

---

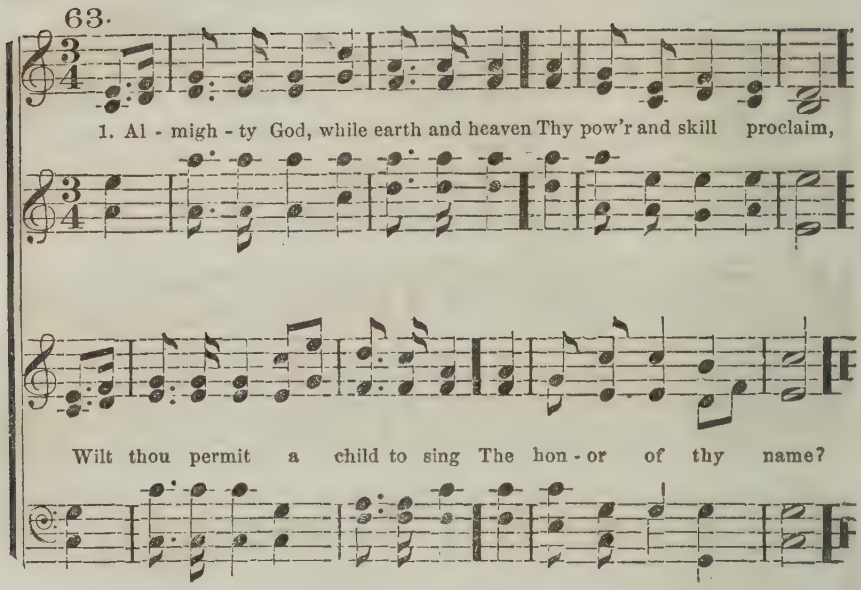
62. 1

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!— [3]
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!—

2

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

63.



2

The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care;
And may I, through my future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.

3

Now may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

64.

1

Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise!

2

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising, thee did raise,
And made thee holy and divine,
Beyond all other days.

3

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

65.

1

Almighty Father! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,
If from my heart I humbly seek
For health and light from thee.

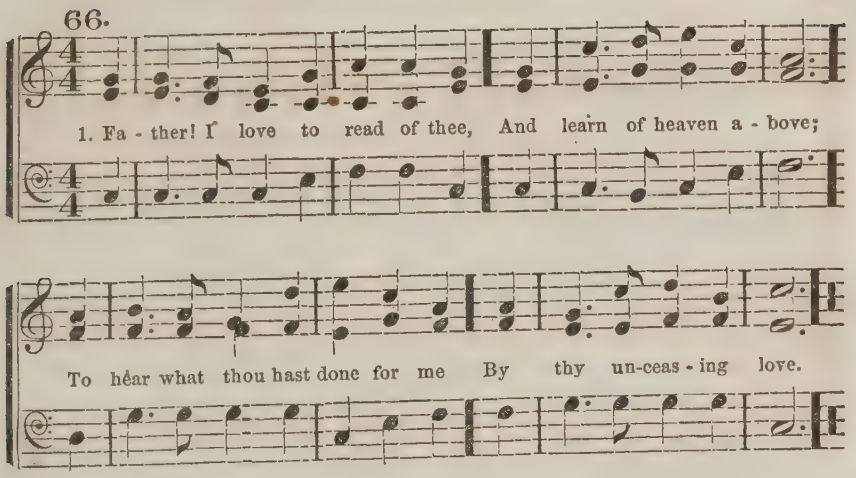
2

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtues strong;
Help me to think of thee!

3

Let Christian courage guard my youth;
That courage give to me,
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

66.



2 To think that all this world contains
Was made and formed by thee;
And yet the power which all sustains
Has thought and care for me.

3 That thou art ever kind and good,
My constant blessings prove:
My home, my friends, my daily food,
Speak thy unfailing love.

4 Father! I know each living thing
Should sing its Maker's praise;
O, let me, then, my tribute bring,
My little offering raise!

67.

1 Father, we come together now,
A small, yet loving band;
Before thine altar we would bow,
And own thy guiding hand.

2 We come to sit at Jesus' feet,
To hear his words of love:
Send down, O Father! as we meet,
Thy Spirit from above.

3 That Spirit, which to Jesus' brow
In dove-like radiance came;
Which sealed the apostles' sacred vow
With cloven tongues of flame,—

4 Oh, let it dwell within each heart,
To guard from thoughts of sin;
And still that love and light impart
By which we heaven may win.

CHILD'S FRIEND.

68.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above;
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

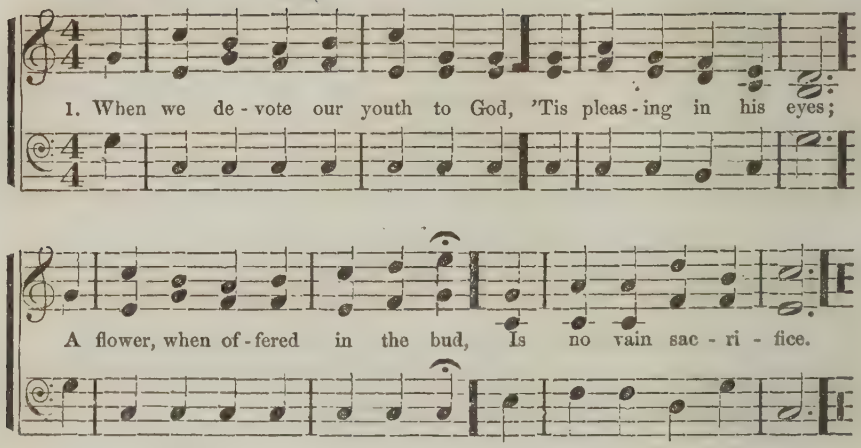
3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King."

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas-morn.

69.



2

'Tis easier work, if we begin
T' obey the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

3

'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
It will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.

4

To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

---

70. 1

O Lord, thy Word of light and truth
Thou hast in mercy giv'n,
To form the tender mind of youth,
And raise from earth to heav'n.

2

Not only ev'ry earthly good
Thy bounty has supplied,
In thy blest Word, celestial food
Thou freely dost provide.

3

Here am I taught to know the way
That leads to heav'n above,
How to believe, and how obey
Thy perfect law of love.

4

Here richest treasures all divine
Are open'd to my sight;
And here I'm taught what glories shine
In yonder worlds of light.

---

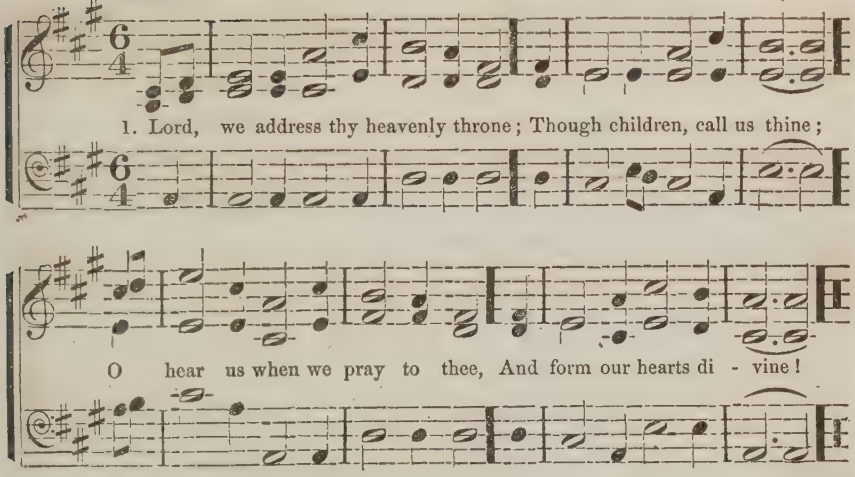
71. 1

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our parting Sabbath song.

2

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O, smile upon this cheerful band,
And join our hearts in love!

72. Arranged from "Plymouth Collection."



2

Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.

3

A faithful memory bestow,
Our minds with wisdom store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

---

73. 1

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3

Oh, let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4

Oh, teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

---

74. 1

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And, O, accept my prayer!
Thou, Lord, canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

SPEAK GENTLY. C. M. Double.

75.

"Song Book of School Room."
By permission.

1. O thou, who hast thy children taught, That, not by words a - lone,
But by the fruits of ho - ly deeds Our love to God is shown;
Up - on the dai - ly path of life Up - hold us as we go,
That in our lives, as with our lips, Thy goodness we may show.

76.

1 Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

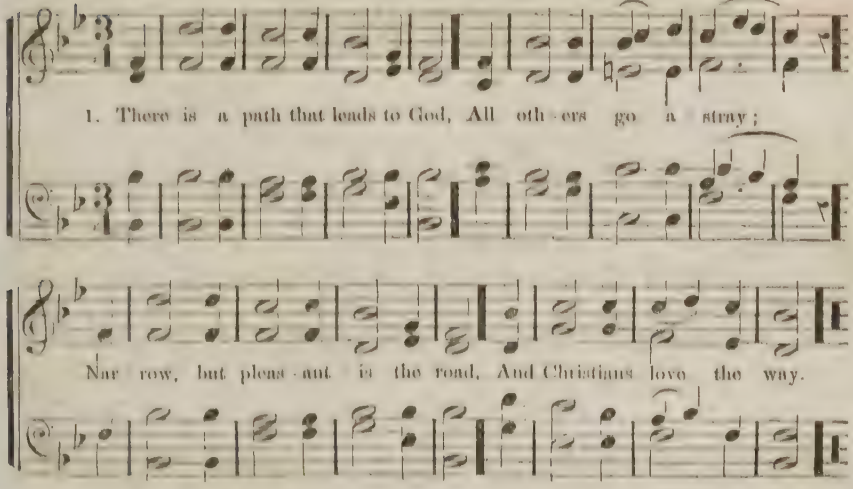
2 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

77.

1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.
There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

2 There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.
Then let us join, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

78. S. ALLEN. "Sacred Lyrist."



2 It leads us through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But all who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

3 How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
To be securely led?

4 Be thou, O Lord, my guard, my guide,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide
Or wander from thy way.

79.

1 I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A free and happy child.

2 I was not born as millions are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

3 My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

4 Help me to serve thee every day,
Whilst thou shalt give me breath;
And grant that, while on earth I stay,
I may prepare for death.

80.

1 Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din
Wake not the morning air,
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

2 Now peace, be still! unhallowed care
Be hushed within my breast,
A holy joy should welcome there
This happy day of rest.

3 Each better thought my spirit knows,
Come, all its breathings fill,
And Thou from whom that spirit flows,
O teach it all thy will.

4 Then shall this day which God has blest,
Hallow life's every hour;
Prepare me for that better rest,
Eternal, perfect, sure.

From Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

MERCY. C. M. Double.

"Golden Chain." By permission of the Author, W. B. Bradbury.

81.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream In earnest pleading flows;
2. But sweeter far the still small voice, Unheard by human ear,

De - vo-tion dwells up - on the theme, And warm and warmer glows.
When God has made the heart re - joice, And dried the bit - ter tear.

Faith grasps the blessing she desires; Hope points the up - ward gaze;
No ac - cents flow, no words as - cend; All utt'rance fail - eth there.

And love, ce - les - tial love, inspires The el - o-quence of praise.
But saint - ed spirits com - pre hend, And God ac-cepts the prayer.

82.

1 The Sabbath morn, sweet Sabbath morn,
We greet thy rising sun,
And to the duties of the day,
With fresh delight we run,
To dwell within thy temple, Lord,
Where heavenly blessings fall;
Not earth such pure delights can give,
'T is better far than all.

2 Hail! gracious gift, by God designed,
A day of peace and rest,
To keep us trav'lers on our road,
And make us truly blest.
If others choose in sin and toil
To waste their hours away,
We'll love with fond and grateful hearts,
The precious Sabbath day.

83.

1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

84

Arranged from BURGMUELLER.

1. Al - migh - ty Fa - ther, heav'nly King! Who rul'st the world a - - - bove; Ac - cept the trib - - ute children bring, Of grat - i - tude and love, Of grat - i - tude and love.

2 To thee each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay:
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his Word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

85.

1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed:
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease!"

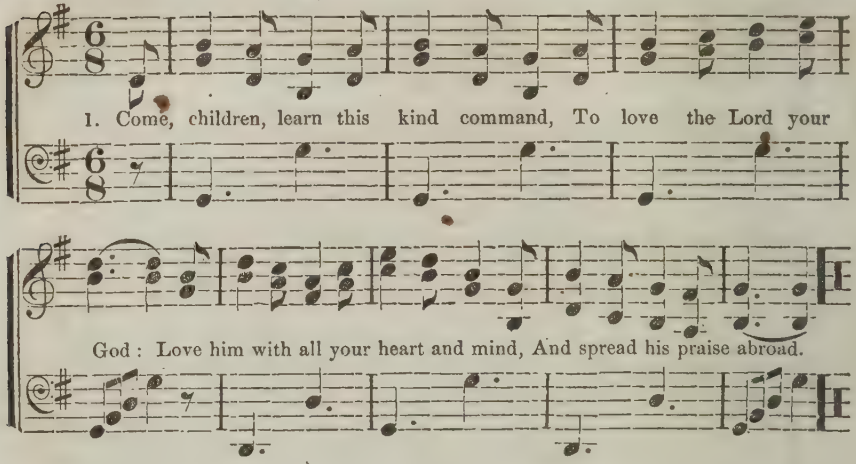
86.

1 Come, let us all unite to praise
Our gracious God and King;
He knows our weakness—yet he deigns
To listen while we sing.

2 Praise well becomes our youthful lips;
Join every heart and tongue;
The loving-kindness of our God
Demands a cheerful song.

3 O! may we join the hosts of heaven,
When here we end our days:
And then begin the glorious song
Of everlasting praise. SAB. CHIMES.

87. "School Bell."



2 Soon as your infant years began,
Your life was crowned with love;
And every blessing you receive
Is given you from above.

3 Let your first thoughts by morning light,
Ascend to God on high;
And in the evening bid them rise
Above the starry sky.

4 He loves to hear your infant prayers;
He bids you seek his face;
Go, like the children of his love,
And ask his promised grace.

88.

1 We come in childhood's innocence,
We come, as children, free!
We offer up, O God! our hearts
In trusting love to thee.

2 Well may we bend, in solemn joy,
At thy bright courts above;—
Well may the grateful child rejoice,
In such a Father's love.

3 In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
Safe from all midnight harms,
Not folded in an angel's wings,
But in a Father's arms.

4 We come not as the mighty come;
Not as the proud we bow;
But as the pure in heart should bend,
Seek we thine altars now.

5 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said;—
In speechless rapture dumb,
We hear the call—we seek thy face—
Father! we come—we come!

T. GRAY, JR.

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89. *Spring.*

1 When warmer suns, and bluer skies,
Proclaim the opening year,
What happy sounds of life arise,
What lovely scenes appear!

2 Earth with her thousand voices sings
Her song of gladsome praise;
And every blade of grass that springs
God's loving law obeys.

3 The wind-flower and the violet fair
Reflect the morning sky;
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.

4 Like this spring morning, sweet and clear,
That greets our opening eyes,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall bring new earth and skies.

90. VIOLET. C. M. Double.

Arranged from MOZART.

1. The Lord attends when children pray; A whisper he can hear;
2. Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright; Thy grace to us im - part,

He knows not on - ly what we say, But what we wish or fear.
That we in prayer may take delight, And serve thee with the heart.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee, And words of prayer to say,
Then, Heav'nly Father, at thy throne, Thy praise we will pro-claim;

The heart must with the lips a - gree, Or else we do not pray.
And dai - ly our requests make known, In our Re - deem-er's name.

91.

1 What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?
What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

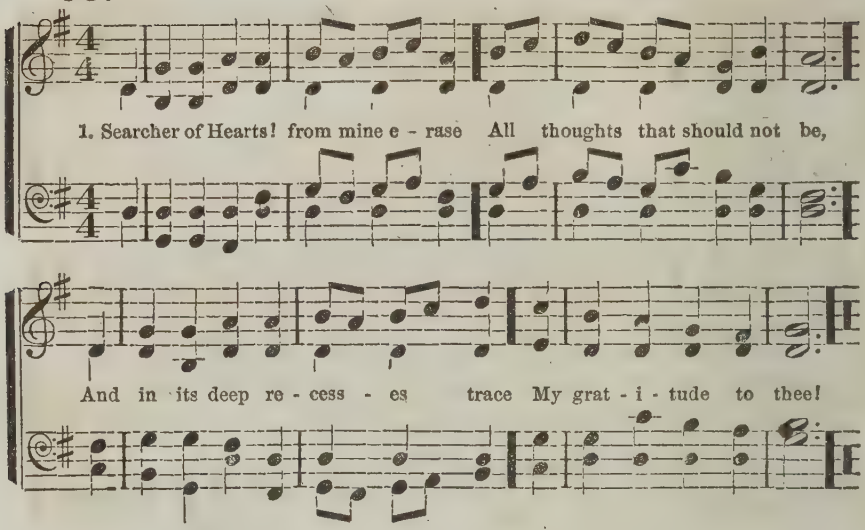
2 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go thou, and strive to do thy share;—
One talent.—less than thine,—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine

92.

1 Will God, who made the earth and sea,
The night and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?
Yes; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

2 To those who seek him he is near;
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.
He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer;
Where 'er the child to seek him goes,
He finds his Father there.

93. LEMAIRE.



2 Hearer of Prayer! Oh, guide aright,
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Giver of all!—for every good
In the Redeemer came;—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

G. P. MORRIS.

94.

1 To God who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our Friend,
To him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

2 'Tis he who claims our youthful hearts:
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we'll think upon his love,
And praise him day by day.

3 With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

95.

1 My child, tread not the downward path,
Though broad and smooth it seem;
'Tis a deceitful, thorny road,
Where dangers lurk unseen.

2 Let not the fruits and flowers it yields,
Allure thine erring feet;
Nor listen to the songs, which strike
The ear, so soft and sweet.

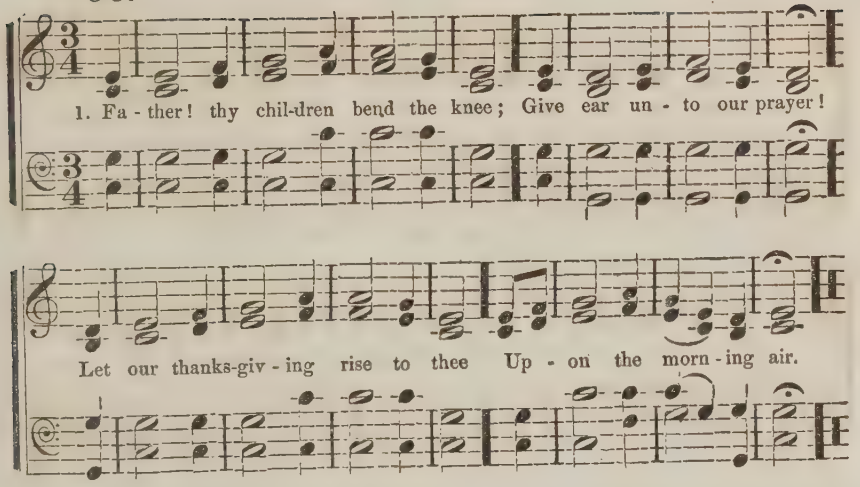
3 Ere half thy day of life be spent,
Those flowers so bright will fade.
Those fruits decay, nor music cheer
Thine heart at evening's shade;

4 And when the darkness of the night
Shall gather round the soul,
No star will guide, no voice will soothe,
Though troubles o'er thee roll.

5 But listen to the voice of truth,
The word of God obey,
And seek the narrow path which leads
To realms of endless day.

6 And though that way be steep at first,
And thorns thy feet may wound,
Each onward step will easier grow,
And fadeless flowers be found;

96. HUNTEN.



2

We come, O God, while yet the flower
Of life is but half blown,
To pray thee that its opening hour
May bloom for thee alone.

3

Then, when it fadeth from the earth,
It may in beauty rise,
To bloom where angels have their birth,
In bowers of Paradise.

---

97. 1

In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

2

Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity. [4]

4

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

---

98. 1

Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2

'Tis thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou giv'st me power.

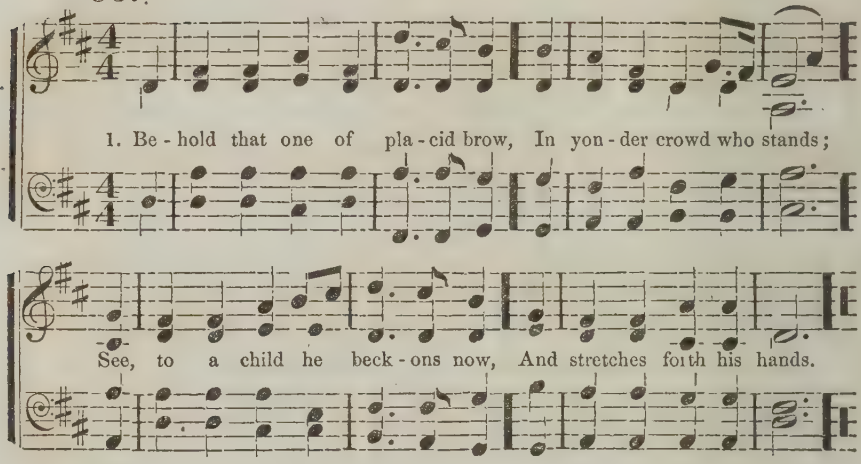
3

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight,
In darkness, or by day.

4

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

99.



2

He takes it in his arms, above
He looks, as if in prayer;
Oh what a smile of pitying love,
That gentle face doth wear.

3

It is the Saviour—children, go,
That heavenly smile return;
He loves you more than you can know,
That love, Oh do not spurn.

4

But Jesus now has gone above,
No more on earth to live,
Still on each child he looks in love,
His blessing still he'll give.

---

100. *Seeking God.*

1

Seek God while yet he will be found;
Seek him from early youth;
Seek him in all his works around,
And in his page of truth.

2

Seek him with all your might and mind,
Seek him with holy care;
Seek him in thoughts of heavenly kind;
Seek him in praise and prayer.

3

Seek him when earthly hopes decay,
When life is joyous, seek;
Seek him on every Sabbath day,
And through the passing week.

4

Seek him, and him you soon shall find,
And own how blest are they,
Who put the morrow from the mind,
To seek the Lord today.

Happy Hours at Home.

On the death of a Sabbath School Scholar.

101.

1

We come our Sabbath hymn to raise
Our humble prayer to pour;
One voice is hushed, its notes of praise
Shall mingle here no more.

2

The lips are still, the eye is dim
That beamed with joy and love;
The spirit—it hath gone to Him
Who gave it from above.

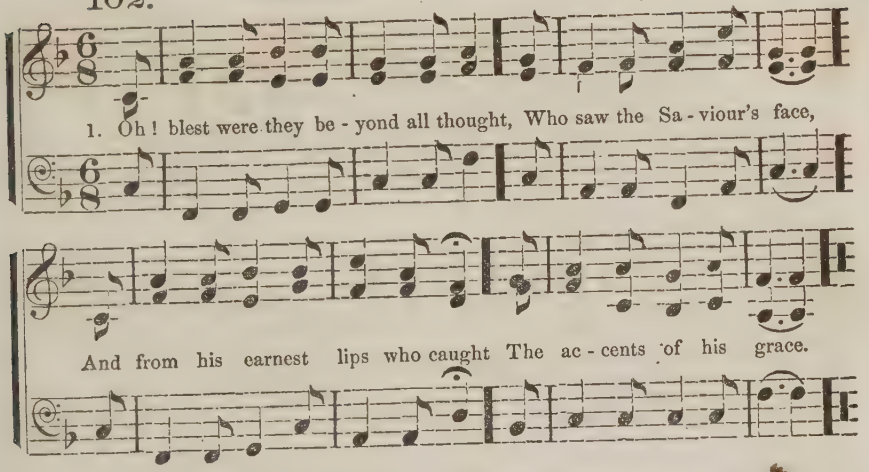
3

We will not weep, for Jesus said
"Let little children come,"
But pray that our young hearts be led
To seek that better home.

From Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

F. M. L.

102.



2

But still he smiles upon the child
Who strives to act aright;
Still in the midst of all, he sets
The lowly,—his delight.

3

You may not see the look of love;
But your full heart can tell,
How, in its depths, from that free fount
The heavenly blessing fell.

4

When sin, without you or within,
Has spread its secret snare,
That look, that voice, may yet be near,
In answer to your prayer.

5

And when in heartfelt gratitude
Your hymn of praise you sing,
He, in his high and holy place
Accepts the offering. Original.

---

103. 1

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbor as yourself,—
Be faithful, just, and kind.

2

Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you;
Whate'er is honest, right, and good,
With all your might pursue.

---

104. 1

O God, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2

In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3

And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4

Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5

So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And Heaven its happiness.

105.

1. Hark! from that glorious world what songs Those heav'nly voices raise;

Ten thousand thousand in-fant tongues U - nite in perfect praise.

Those are the hymns that we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey;

That is the place where we shall go, If found in wisdom's way.

2 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay:
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop and pass away.
Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

106.

1 How may a little pilgrim dare
Life's dangerous path to tread,
Since on the way is many a snare
For youthful travelers spread?
And that broad road where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

2 But lest my youthful steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
O Father, God, be thou my guide,
And I shall never stray.
Then I may go without alarms,
And trust the word of old—
"The lambs he'll gather in his arms,
And lead them to the fold."

S. S. LYBE.

107.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling ray Il - lumes the dis - tant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth.
There's not a cloud whose dews distil Up - on the parch - ed clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.

2 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's depths, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.
Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends;
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

108.

1 The wild flower drinks the morning dew,
And greets the breezes free;
The pure in heart their strength renew
From thee, my God, from thee!
The tired bird seeks at night her nest
Within the sheltering tree:
So longs the weary heart to rest
[4*] On thee, my God, on thee.

2 The bark, by storms and tempests driven,
Would to its haven flee;
So turns the spirit, sorely riven,
To thee, my God, to thee.
My morning dew, mine evening nest,
My quiet haven be;
Give me to find my strength and rest
In thee, my God, in thee!

109.

Now that our journey's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We'll come, before we farther run,
And give ourselves to God.
What sorrows may our steps attend,
We never can foretell;
But since we know God is our friend,
We feel that all is well.

110. IDDO. C. M. Double.

"Carmina Sacra." By permission.

1. God is a Spir - it, just and wise, He sees our inmost mind;
2. Their lift - ed eyes sa - lute the skies, Their bending knees the ground;

In vain to heaven we raise our cries, And leave our souls be - hind.
But God ab - hors the sac - ri - fice Where not the heart is found.

Nothing but truth before his throne With honor can appear; The painted hypo-
Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways, And make my soul sincere; Then shall I stand be-

crites are known Thro' the disguise they wear, Thro' the disguise they wear.
fore thy face, And find ac-cept-ance there, And find ac - cept-ance there.

111.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

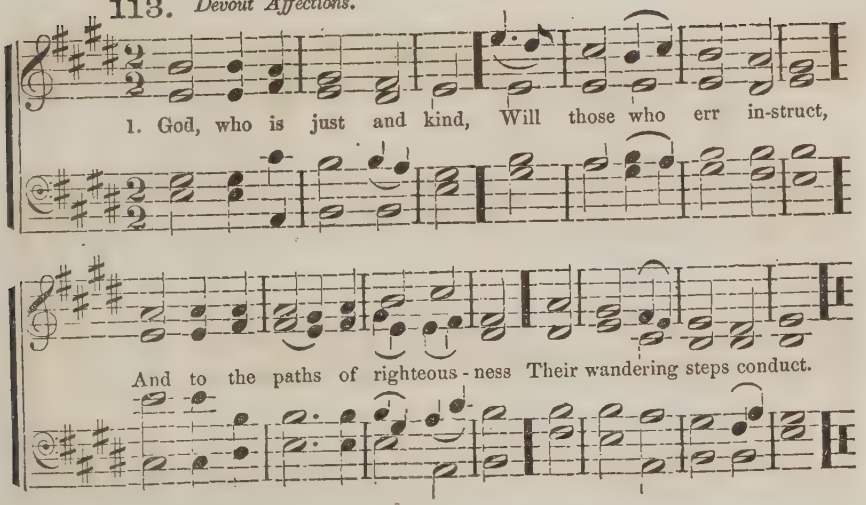
2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

112.

1 When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.
He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

2 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
"Father, forgive their sins," he said;
"They know not what they do."
Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

113. *Devout Affections.*



2

The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3

Give me the tender heart,
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4

O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

---

114. 1

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

2

Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

3

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;

4

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

---

115. 1

See Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2

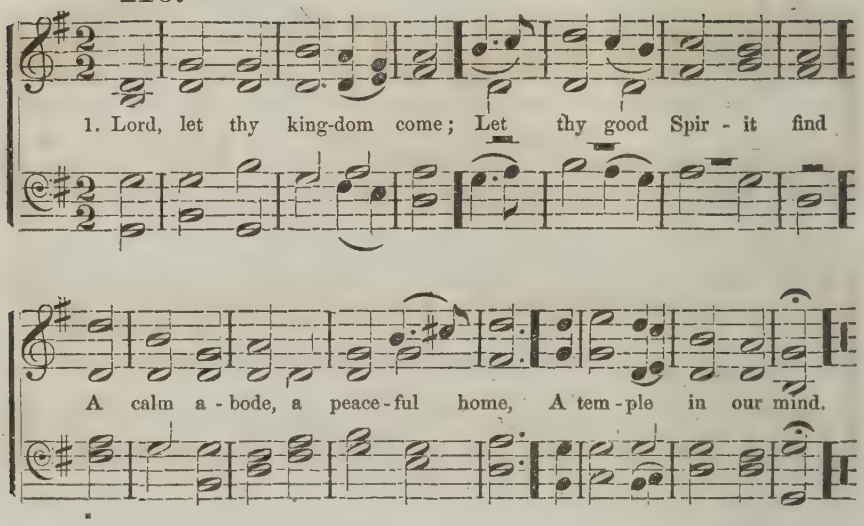
"Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried;
"Of such my Father's kingdom is
And such with him abide."

3

O let this little flock,
We children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

DODDRIDGE

116.



2

In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will;
That we devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.

3

Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely given,
And may our youthful hearts improve,
Till we are fit for heaven.

---

117. 1

We love this outward world,
Its fair sky overhead,
Its morning's soft gray mist unfurled,
Its sunsets, rich and red.

2

But there's a world within,
That higher glory hath,
A life the immortal soul must win,
The life of joy and faith.

118. 1

My Maker and my king!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2

Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3

Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

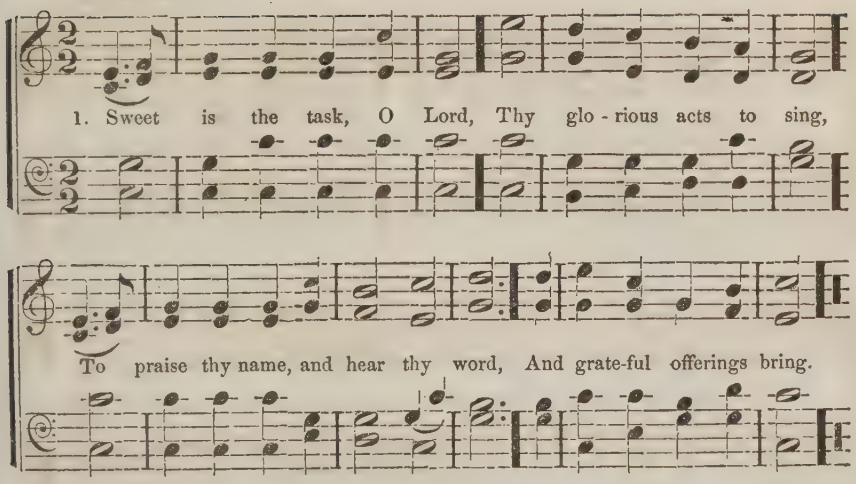
4

The creature of thine hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

5

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine,
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine. MRS. STEELE.

119. DR. L. MASON.



2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

120.

1 My Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O, bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

6 My Father!—blissful name!
Above expression dear;
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

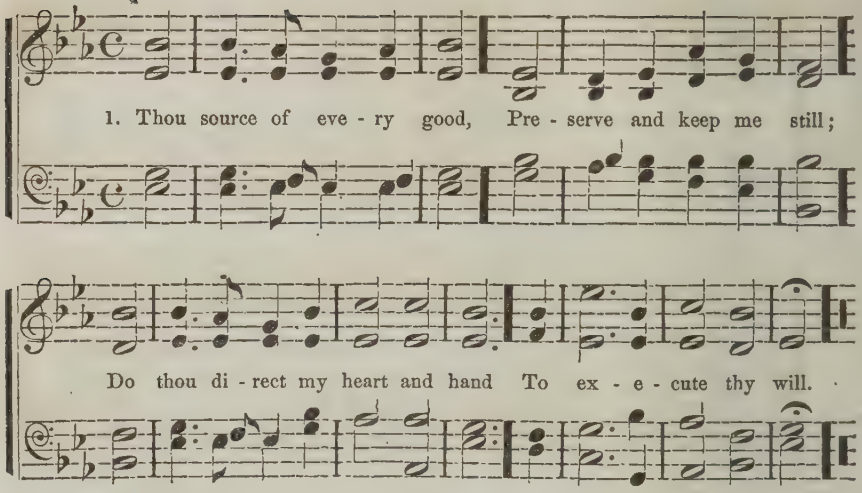
121.

1 Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Lord, may we love thy word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to learn thy holy will,
And practice what we know.

OLNEY. S. M.

122. DR. L. MASON.



2

From every earthly charm
O set my spirit free;
May I my time and strength devote,
My life, my all to thee.

3

In wisdom's pleasant ways
Help me to persevere,
Till I shall reach the world of bliss,
And serve thee better there.

---

123. 1

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2

Still to the lowly soul
God doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Doth choose the pure in heart. KEBLE.

124. 1

Within these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found,
In all our youthful palaces
Prosperity abound.

2

God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

---

125. 1

My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past,—but as a day!

2

A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3

Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

126.

1. An - oth - er year is given From God, our Fa - ther dear,
2. May ma - ny good deeds done, Re - solves and prayers sin - cere,

A bless - ed gift of heaven, A hap - py, hap - py year.
And tri - als sweet - ly borne, Make this a hap - py year!

Fa - ther, thy chil - dren bless, And bless our friends so dear,
We know that it must bring Some sor - row and some care;

And may our lov - ing hearts Make this a hap - py year.
Our trust - ing hearts still sing, A hap - py, hap - py year!

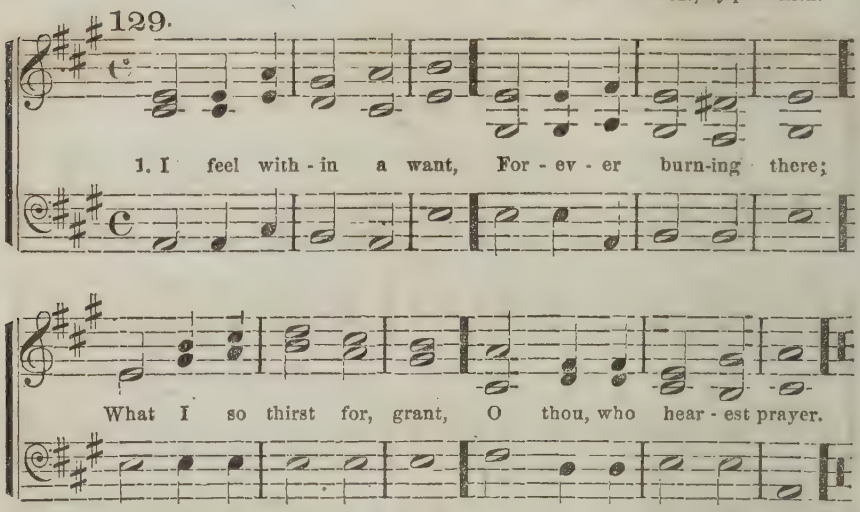
127.

1 Now let our lips unite
To thank our Father dear,
Whose love, by day and night,
Hath kept us through the year.
In sunshine and 'mid flowers
When we our way have trod,
Those bright and joyous hours,
Were each the gift of God.
2 And when across our road
Some grief its shadow drew,
God's love was in the cloud,
And soon the sun shone through.
Wrong things we've done, we know,
O Father, now forgive!
And may we better grow,
Each year that we shall live.

128.

1 Dark night away hath rolled,
Glad birds are soaring high;
The sun with rays of gold,
Looks from the dazzling sky.
By God's protection kept,
I rested safe from harm,
For o'er me, while I slept,
He stretched his mighty arm.
2 Teach me to thank the Power
Whose hand sustains me so:
Who o'er each fragrant flower
Bids dews of mercy flow.
Oh raise my heart above,
Where angel hosts adore:
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er. L. H. S.

DR. L. MASON, by permission.



2 This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have,
Than call the world my own.

3 Like him, now in my youth
I long, O God, to be,
In tenderness and truth,
In sweet humility.

4 'T is my most fervent prayer,
Be it more fervent still;
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will. FURNESS.

130.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine.

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent glow;
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

---

131. *Thoughts on Death.**

1 Beyond the hills that stand
In majesty alone,—
There is a purer land,
And there our Father's throne,

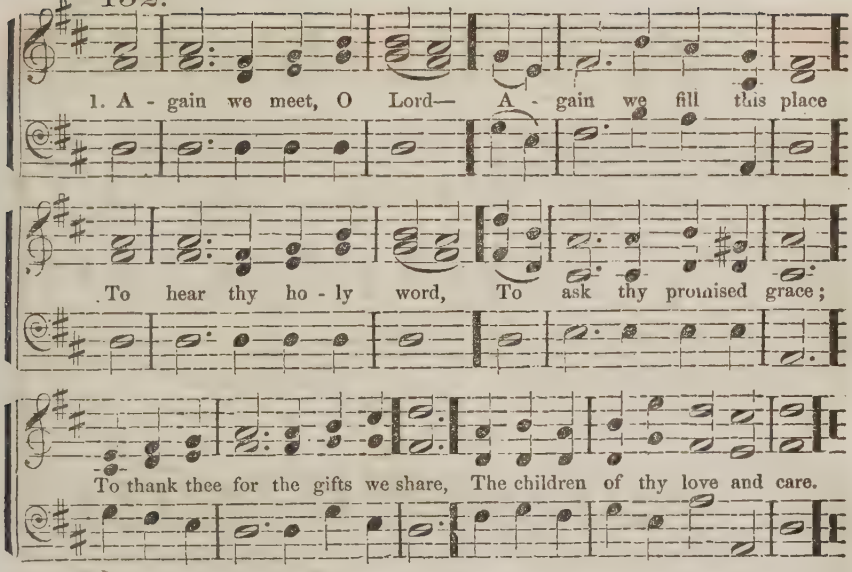
2 No mortal step can tread
Upon a shore so fair;
No mortal voice be heard,
But angels' harps are there.

3 And thither soars the soul,
When life's brief day is done,
There is the destined goal
For each immortal one.

4 Then shall we turn away
When God would call us home?
No! let us rather say,
Father we'll gladly come.

*From "Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools."

132.



2 Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part.
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.

3 Through this and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread,
Nor let our feet astray
In paths of sin be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,
The way to glory and to God.

Sabbath Chimes.

133.

1 Here, to our Sabbath home,
Upon this holy day,
With gladsome hearts we come,
Our grateful thanks to pay,
To Him whose constant love hath shed
Its blessings on each youthful head.

2 While thus assembled here,
Lessons of truth we learn,
To thee with prayer sincere
For light and strength we turn;
Oh let thy spirit in each heart
The power to do thy will impart.

3 Still drawing nearer thee,
As every day glides on,
Assist us, Lord, to be
True followers of thy Son;
Let us, like him, obedient prove,
Like him, fulfil the law of love.

4 Aid us, in word and deed,
To serve thee while we live;
And in each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
O fill our hearts with love divine,
And let our every thought be thine.

134.

1 Father of life! we raise
To thee a parting song,
And ask thy saving grace
Upon the youthful throng;
Let thy pure sun upon us shine,
And light our way with truth divine.

2 May what we here have heard,
Lead us to worship thee;
Let thy most holy word,
Our guide and comfort be;
And may thy spirit from above
Descend and fill our souls with love.

3 And when we hence depart,
Where we have learned thy name,
Preserve each youthful heart
Unstained by sin or shame;
Guide in thy path our feeble feet,
And keep us till again we meet.

Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

"N. E. Sabbath School Minstrel."

135.

1. From week to week, with joy we seek This place of prayer and praise,

We learn of him whose shelt'ring arm Pro-tects his feeblest child from harm;

And hymns we sing To God, our King, Who crowns with love our days, Who

crowns with love our days.

2 Here read we, too, how Jesus grew
In wisdom and in grace,
That he within our hearts must reign,
And cleanse them from each sinful stain,
Till clearly there
In lines so fair
His image we may trace.

3 Accept us now as here we bow
Thy favor to entreat,
Bless thou the teacher and the taught,
May both in thy great love be brought
At last to stand,
A happy band,
Around thy mercy seat.

136.

1 Awake, awake, your homes forsake,
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
How precious is the sacred light!
With songs of love
Praise God above,
It is the Sabbath day.

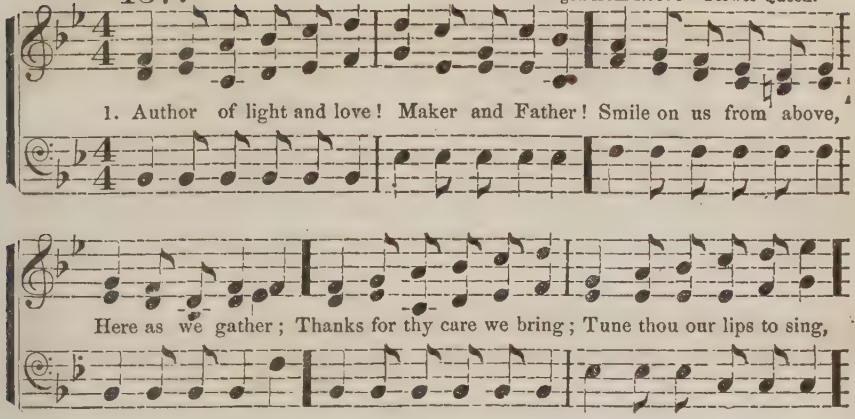
2 We hail the dawn of that blest morn
On which the Saviour rose,
When from the dark and silent tomb
He banished all the doubt and gloom,
And came in might
To life and light,
Triumphant o'er his foes.

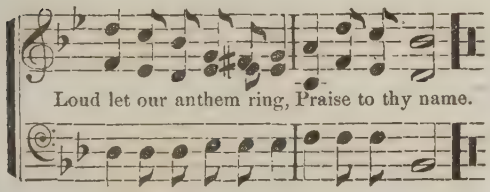
3 The angels bright, from worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of life with joy they view,
While heaven its glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly
Above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim.

S. S. HARP.

137.

Arranged from Root's "Flower Queen."





2 Still this our happy band
Guarding, defending,
O'er us thy mighty hand
Ever extending,
Grant yet one blessing more
From thy abundant store,
On all our spirits pour
Grace from above.

3 O may thy holy Son
With us abiding,
Till earthly toil is done,
Leading and guiding,
Bring us at last to thee,
From sin and sorrow free,
With songs of victory—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

138.

1 Father, whose heavenly care,
Round us for ever,
Numbers our every hair,
Leaving us never,
Gladly that care we own,—
We, who thy love have known:
Grateful before thy throne
Bow we to-day.

2 Lambs of the Saviour's flock,
Safe in his guiding,
Sheltered beneath the Rock,
Surely abiding.
We for the wanderers plead:
Our brothers pine in need;
Lead them, Good Shepherd, lead
Back to thy fold.

3 Let every fervent prayer,
Heavenward ascending,
With it some token bear
Of love unending;
Some word of kindness said,
Some hungry orphan fed,
Some gospel sunlight shed
On darkened souls.

4 Then, when in heaven we stand,
Joyfully singing,
This poor and friendless band,
Their praises bringing,
Shall with our tongues unite,
Saying, "All power and might
Are thine, O Lord! of right,
For evermore."

139. MUSIC—GERMAN.

1. Now to Heaven our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.

Be our zeal in Heaven re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

2

Be that prayer again repeated—
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated;
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
God speed the right.

3

Patient, firm and persevering;
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing;
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding—
God speed the right.

4

Still our onward course pursuing;
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing;
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
God speed the right.

140.

Longfellow's Collection.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, How when Je - sus was here a-mong men, He once called lit - tle children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

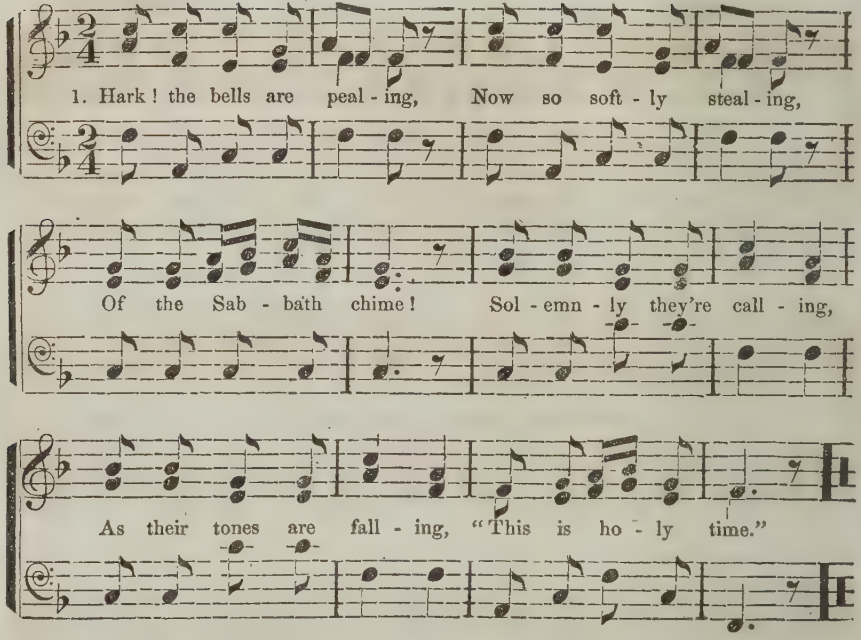
3

Yet still to his presence in thought I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
He who loved little children, when dwelling below,
Must love them, when dwelling above.

QUIET VALLEY. P. M.

NAGELI.
"Golden Wreath."

141.



2 Now our steps are wending,
With our schoolmates bending
Towards the Sunday School;
There we love to gather,
Bringing to our Father
Hearts with praises full.

3 May their music never
Find us straying ever
Farther from our God,
But with spirits burning,
Faces heavenward turning,
Seeking his abode.

142.

1 Father! thine the praises
Infancy now raises,
To the Lord of all!
Thou dost watch our slumber,
Every hair dost number,
See'st the sparrow's fall.

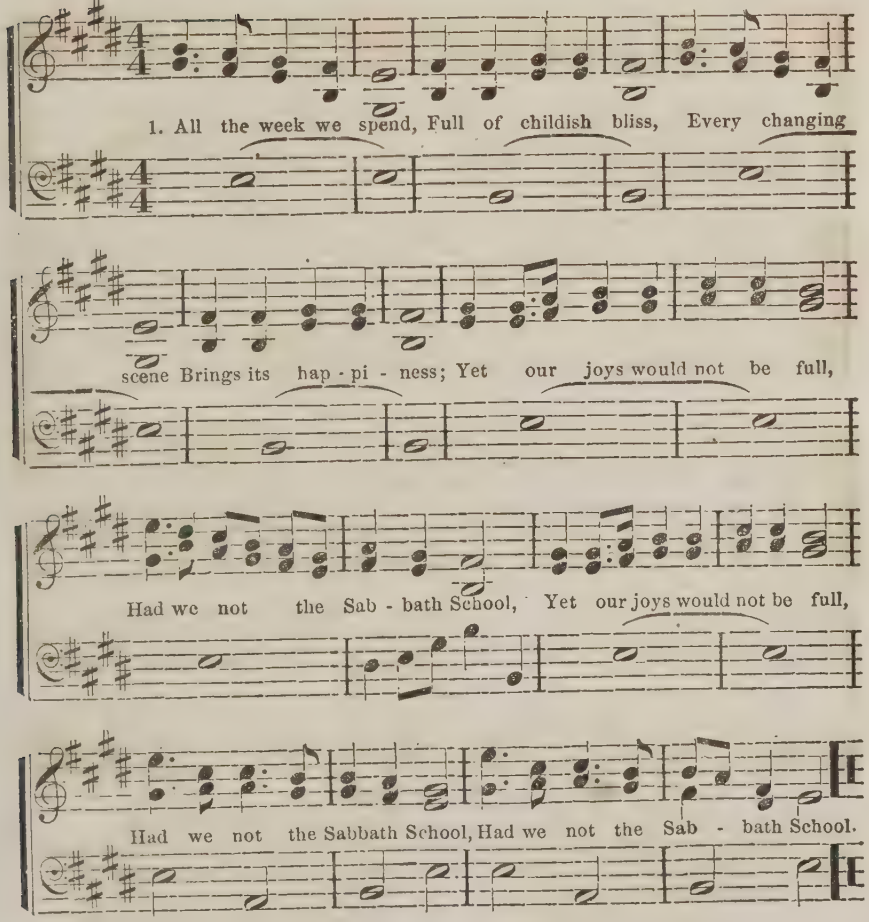
2 For a love so tender,
What may children render
To a Father good?
How their thanks express'g
For thine every blessing,
Show their gratitude?

3 Hands with succor speedy
For the poor and needy,
Eyes to all the blind,
Feet with service willing,
Hearts that love is filling,
Truth within the mind,—

4 These the gifts, O Father,
That thou choosest, rather
Than aught else we bring;
Oh! that all before thee
Rightly may adore thee,
With this offering.

143.

"Juvenile Lyre." By permission.



2 Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our happy thoughts are full,
Of the precious Sabbath School.

3 To our listening ears
Blessed news are brought—
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought;
Gracious news and merciful—
How we love the Sabbath School.

4 Teachers, you are kind
Thus to point the road
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God.
May we all be dutiful
In the precious Sabbath School.

5 Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day!
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.

144.

1. There's a land of rest e - ter - nal, Promised to the faithful here,
There the Spring is ev - er ver - nal, And the blossoms ne'er grow sere.
Let us seek that blest king!om, Let us seek that blest kingdom,
Let us seek that blest king - dom, In our ear - ly days.

2 There the sun is ever shining
On the sweet fields of heaven,
There the harps are ever ringing,
With the sounds of praise.
Let us seek, &c.

3 There is heard no voice of wailing,
There no tear may ever fall,
But the anthem never-failing
Rises to the Lord of all.
Let us seek, &c.

4 Children, too, may join the singing,
And the holy strain repeat,
Each a palm of victory bringing
Lowly, to the Conqueror's feet.
Let us seek, &c.

145.

1 Time its steady flight is winging,
And the year's last hours draw nigh,
Each a solemn message bringing,
Telling of eternity.
Here on earth we're but pilgrims,
Here on earth we're but pilgrims,
Here on earth we're but pilgrims,
To our home on high.

2 There the Father's smile awaits us,
There the voice of the Saviour
Bids the spirit joyous welcome
To its home on high. Here on earth, &c.

3 Are our lives in goodness growing,
Every day more pure and true,
Love on all around bestowing,
Keeping heaven, our home in view?
Here on earth, &c.

146. From "Part Songs for Female Voices."

1. Sing praise to God, The Mak - er and the Giv - er! From

east to west His praise shall ring for - ev - er! His good - ness

willed us to breathe and be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, through

all e - ter - ni - ty, Thro' all his blessed e - ter - ni - ty.

2

Behold yon sun,
So bright beyond expressing,
'Twas God who gave
That great and glorious blessing;
All things that are, from his wisdom spring;
The great Almighty King, the great Almighty King,
From Him, the great Almighty King!

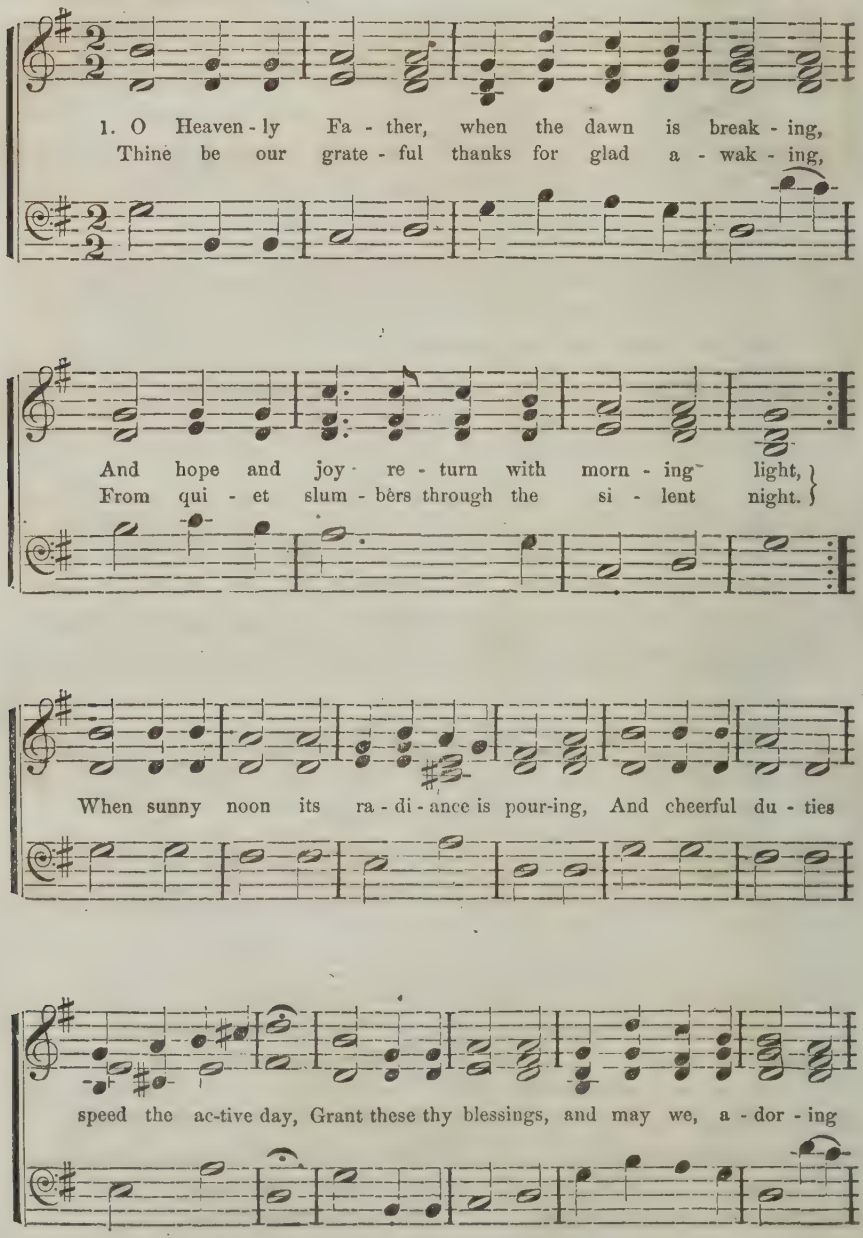
3

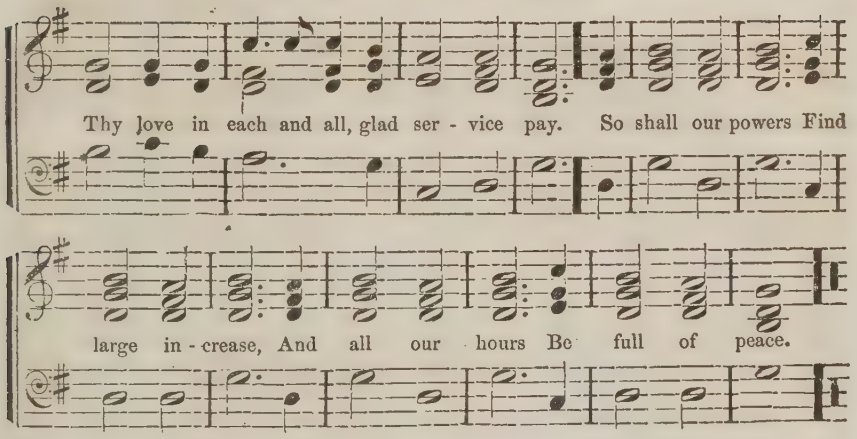
Thou Father-house,
Which blessed souls inherit!
Where endless joy
Delights each happy spirit!
Loud let it roll through the world along,
The spheres' glad thunder song, the spheres' glad thunder song,
The mighty Father's triumph song.

O HEAVENLY FATHER. P. M.

147.

Arranged.





2 When silent eve, o'er twilight faintly glowing,
Lets fall her starry curtain in the west,
In filial trust, like quiet waters flowing,
Beneath thy sure protection may we rest.
So when life's day of faithful work is ended,
And gently breathe worn nature's parting sighs,
By thy great grace from every fear defended,
Shall Heaven's bright glories beam upon our eyes.
And sweet and clear
Shall float along,
Near and more near,
The angels' song.

148.

1 Father, who hearest all before thee kneeling,
Humbly we raise to thee our earnest prayer,
That thou would'st fill our every thought and feeling
Full with the sense of all thy tender care.
Thou, who commandest all the waves of ocean,
The awful lightnings flashing through the sky,
Whose power directs the circling planet's motion,
Thine ear attends to all thy children's cry.
For naught is vast,
And naught is small,
To Thee, First, Last,
Great All in All.

2 The blessed angels bend from heaven o'er us,
To watch for every wanderer's return,
And as he prays, how glad their joyful chorus,
And brighter still their censers burn.
From sin and death Christ waiteth to deliver,
The Holy Spirit to our help comes down,
A witness cloud is round about us ever,
And God's own hand holds forth a glorious crown.
The Saviour near,
All doubt be gone,
In holy cheer
Press on, press on.

PILGRIM.

From "ORIOLA." By permission.

149.

1st time Solo voice, or Soprano voices only. 2d time All.

1. At the dawn - ing of this blest morn - ing, We will

hasten, we will hasten to our school; 'T is here our voices unite in

singing, And youthful praises are sweetly ringing, At the

dawning of this blest morning We will hasten, we will hasten to our school.

2

To our Father our thanks we render
For our happy, for our happy Sunday School,
And to his footstool our prayers ascending,
With notes of angels and saints are blending,
At the dawning, &c.

3

Then with gladness we hear the story
Of our Saviour, of our Saviour while on earth,
On little children around him pressing,
His hand of mercy was laid in blessing,
At the dawning, &c.

4

Of the mansions of life eternal
We are learning, we are learning in our school,
Oh! to our spirits be this the portal
That leads to glories and joys immortal.
At the dawning, &c.

150.

1

We are seeking a heavenly country:
Will you follow, will you follow, as we go?
This earth is lovely, with music ringing,
But angel voices in heaven are singing.
We are seeking a heavenly country,
Will you follow, will you follow, as we go?

2

Fair the sunshine on grove and meadow,
We are happy, we are happy in the sight,
The fields of Eden are ever vernal,
God's holy presence their light eternal.
We are seeking, &c.

3

Friends and parents with love surround us;
They are dearer, they are dearer every day,
One love abiding exceeds all others,
That love immortal beyond a brother's.
We are seeking, &c.

4

All that's earthly is quickly passing,
And we may not, and we may not linger here;
But heavenly treasures can fail us never,
This life's true blessings are ours forever.
We are seeking, &c.

151.

"Shining Shore." G. F. ROOT. By permission.

1. There is a prom - ise, O how sweet! Which God him - self has spo-ken; A promise for us children meet, That nev - er can be broken.

God's word is sure and will en - dure Through a-ges nev - er - end - ing, O trust him still through good and ill, Up - on his love de - pend - ing.

2

He calls us in our youthful days,
To choose his kindly guiding,
And they that early seek, he says,
Shall find his care abiding.
God's word, &c.

3

Shall we neglect that gracious call,
And leave it till the morrow,
And find, when pain and grief befall,
No comfort for our sorrow?
God's word, &c.

4

Oh! no; we'll serve him in our youth,
A service free and willing,
We'll prove how boundless is his truth,
How bounteous its fulfilling.
God's word, &c.

152.

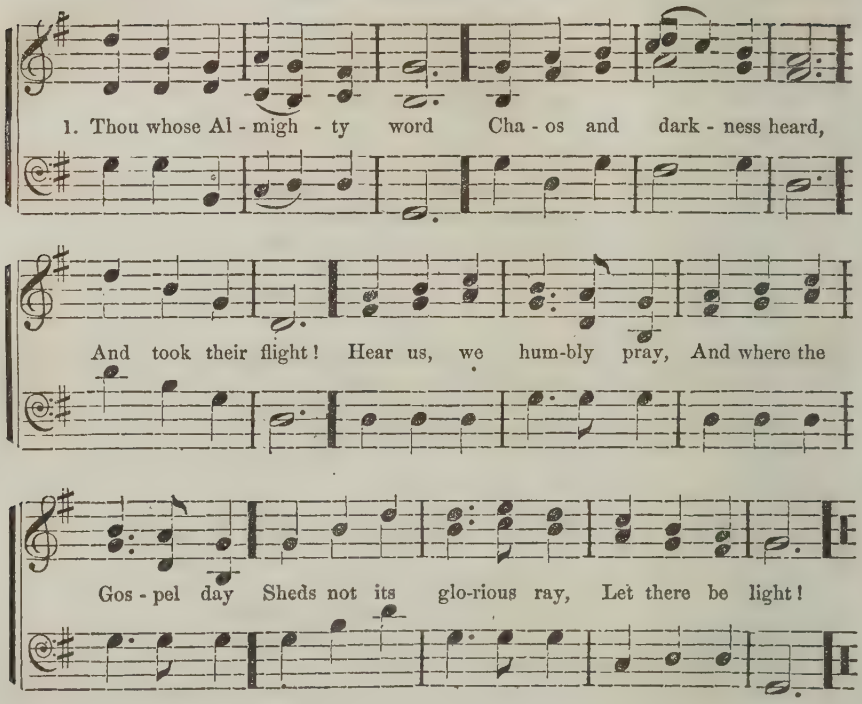
1 We sing the song the starry host
Poured forth on that bright morning,
When earth assumed her heavenly post,
Her sister worlds adorning.
Oh! praise the Lord with one accord.
To him alone be glory,
With loud acclaim, Oh! sound his name,
And tell the wondrous story.

2 We sing the song the angels sang
Of old, to shepherds weary,
When heaven with hallelujahs rang,
O'er Judah's hill-side dreary.
Oh! praise, &c.

3 We sing the song that through the air
Of Zion's courts was ringing,
When God's best gift—the Saviour—there,
The children hailed with singing.
Oh! praise, &c.

4 We sing the song that we shall sing
Around the throne forever,
When every creature praise shall bring,
And worship falter never.
Oh! praise, &c.

153.



2

Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

2

Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

---

154. 1

Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing!
Help us to praise!
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

3

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

155. *Prayer for our Country.*

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies;

Through storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Rul - er of
On him we wait. Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with

wind and wave! Do thou our coun - try save, By thy great might.
watch-ful eye, To thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

156. *National Hymn.*

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

3 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

157.

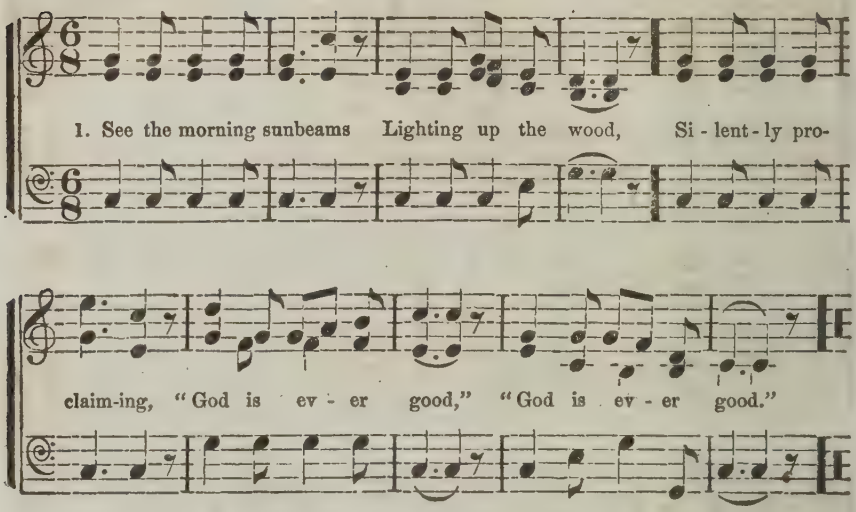
1 Our Father, throned above!
Thy watchful care and love
Thy children own;
With our glad hymns of praise
One fervent prayer we raise;
Lord! let our early days
Be thine alone.

2 O! draw us to thy Son!
Life's journey just begun—
Life's paths untried—
O'er all the dangerous steep
May the good Shepherd keep
His weak and wand'ring sheep,
Their Strength and Guide.

3 O! draw us to thy Son!
Thou, who would'st have us one
With him and thee!
In that close union blest,
Thy peace shall fill each breast,
And heaven's eternal rest
Our portion be. Original.

158.

"Song Book of School Room."
By permission.



2

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!"

3

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

4

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good!"

---

159. 1

Morn amid the mountains,
Lonely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur, "God is good."

2

Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

3

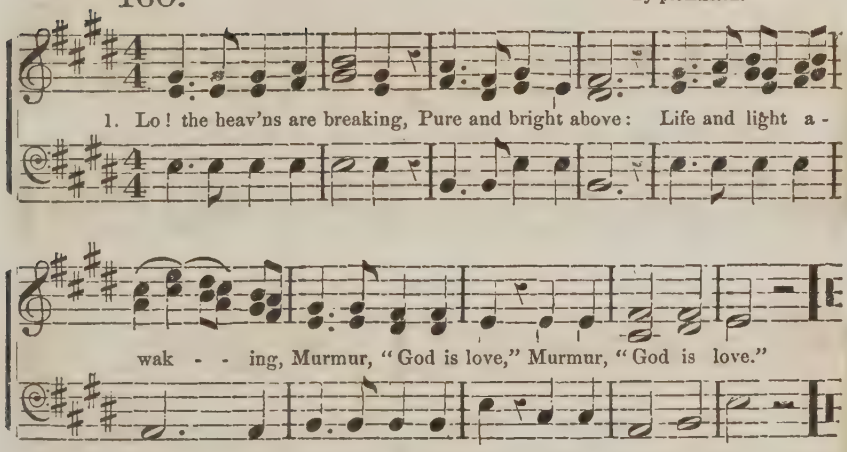
Hymns of praise are ringing,
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."

4

Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued!
He, whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God is good.

"Song Book of School Room."
By permission.

160.



2

Round yon pine clad mountain,
Flows a golden flood:
Hear the sparkling fountain
Whisper, "God is good."

3

See the streamlet bounding,
Through the vale and wood,
Hear its ripples sounding,
Tell that "God is good,"

4

Music now is ringing,
Through the leafy grove,
Feathered songsters singing,
Warble, "God is good."

5

Wake my heart, and springing
Spread thy wings above,
Soaring still, and singing,
Singing, "God is good."

---

161. *Hand in hand with Angels.*

1

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

2

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

3

Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

4

Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

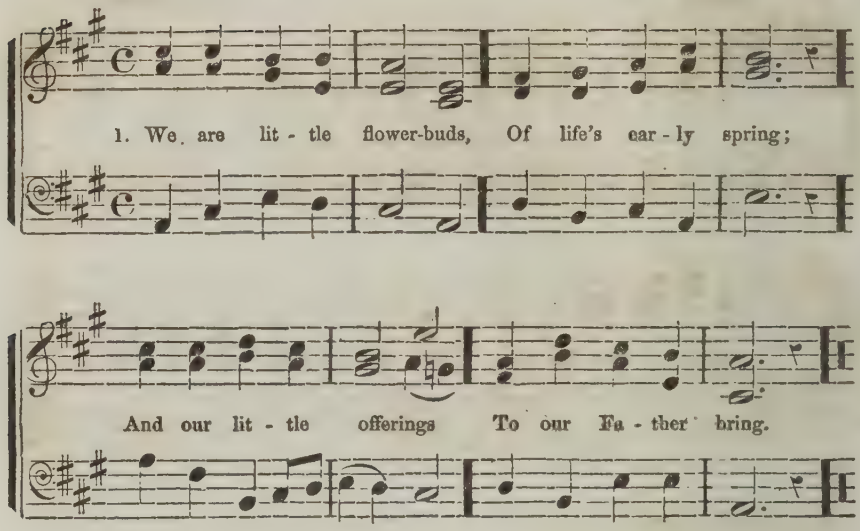
5

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

6

Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one,
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

162. C. H. RINCK.



2
Though so small and helpless,
Jesus calls us his,
Saying of such children
Heaven's great kingdom is.

3
Learning God's commandments
In our Sunday School,
And to guide our actions
By the golden rule,

4
We would love our Father
From our early days,
So, on earth to serve him,
Or in heaven to praise.

---

163. 1
When o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth,
Sweetly, "God is there."

2
When the spring is wreathing
Flowers, rich and rare,
On each leaf is written,
"Nature's God is there."

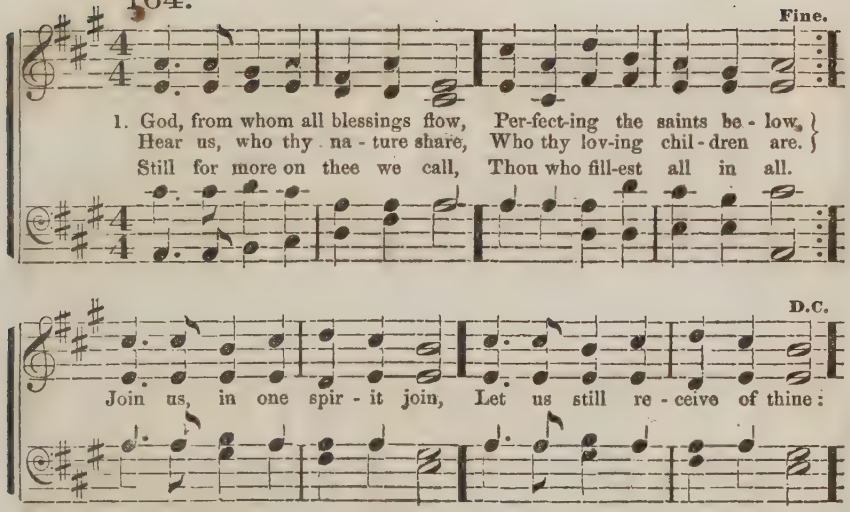
3
When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us, "God is there."

4
All the wide world's treasures,
Rich, or grand, or fair,
In each feature beareth,
Graven, "God is there."

5
Author of creation,
When thy work was done,
Shouts of exultation
Echoed round thy throne.

6
Morning stars were ringing
Through the vault above;
Sons of God were singing
Of thy power and love.

164.



2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

165.

1 Father, now to thee we raise
Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
Let thy blessing on us rest,
With thy smile may we be blest:
Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
For the truths of heart and mind,
For the love and watchful care,
That have blessed us through the year.

2 Father, be our guide in youth,
Lead us in the paths of truth;
May we thy true children be,
Honest, loving, brave, and free;
May we love to do thy will,
In the world our part fulfil,
And, as year by year goes by,
Grow in truth and purity.

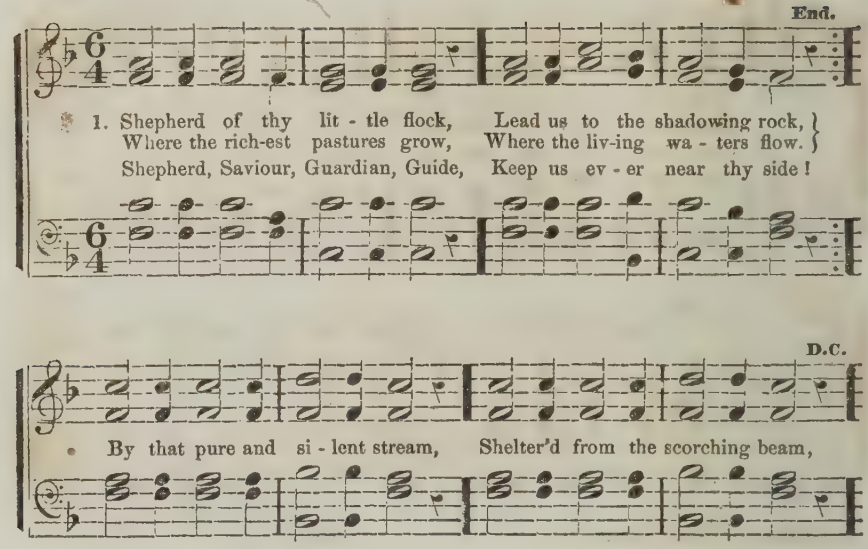
166.

1 Little trav'lers, Zionward,
Each one ent'ring into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his foll'wers win—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little trav'lers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little trav'lers in!

167.



168. 1

To thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

2

Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

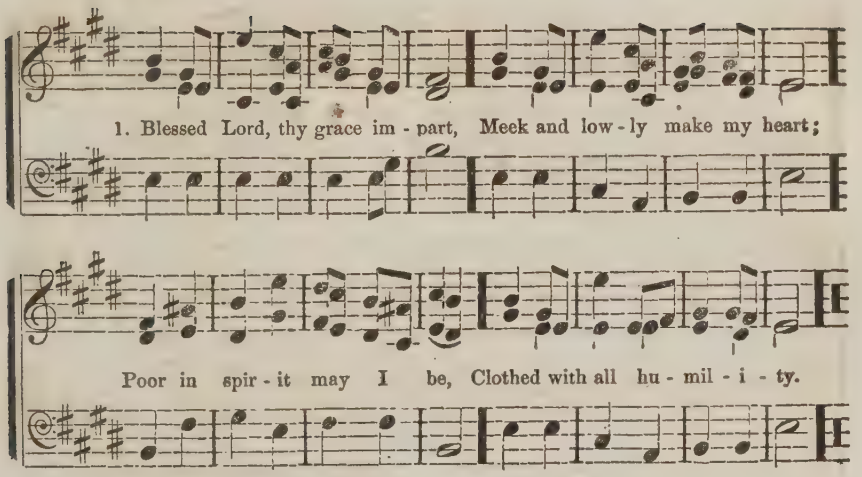
169. 1

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
For a season called to part,
Let us, then, ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2

Father, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

170.



2

Simple, teachable and mild,
As becomes a little child;
Pleased with what my God provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3

Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil make me flee:
May I seek the things above,
Only happy in thy love!

---

171. 1

All ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3

Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him, from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

MONTGOMERY.

---

172. 1

Suppliant, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
We are weak, almighty thou.

2

With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and on their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.

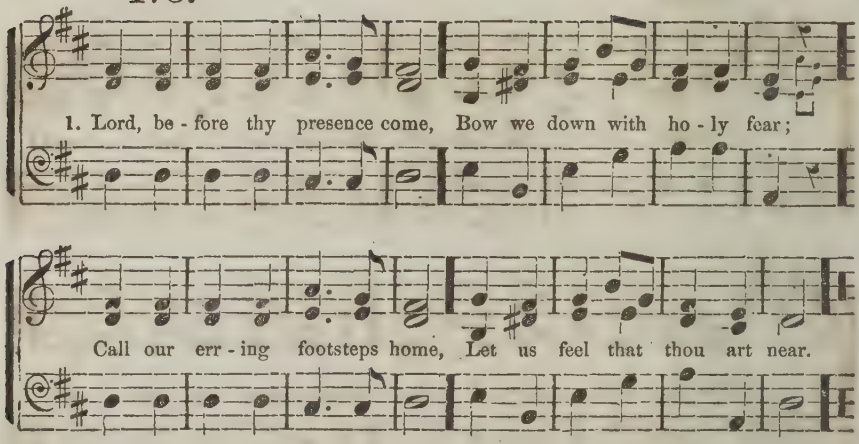
3

Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above:
Charity for all mankind—
Trusting faith, enduring love GRAY.

EDES. 7s.

Arranged from Mozart.

173.



2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

TAYLOR.

174.

1 In a modest, humble mind,
God will ever take delight;
But the proud shall never find
Grace and favor in his sight.

2 Was not Jesus meek and mild?
He no angry thoughts allow'd!
O, then, shall a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud?

3 This, indeed, should never be;
Lord, forbid it, we entreat;
Grant that all may learn of thee,
That humility is sweet.

175.

1 Early as we think or talk,
We in God's own way would walk;
Early as we feel or speak,
We the Sunday School would seek.

2 Help us, Lord, the way to find,
How we may be good and kind;
How, with temper sweet and mild,
Each may be a Christian child.

3 Help us, too, to act the truth,
Through the slippery years of youth;
Guide us, keep us, Lord, we pray,
Each and all from sin's dark way.

4 As we strong and older grow,
More we'll try to do and know;
Hither come from year to year,
Early in our class appear.

5 Love our teachers, love the place,
Grow in stature, grow in grace,
Live a life of truth and love,
So be meet for bliss above.

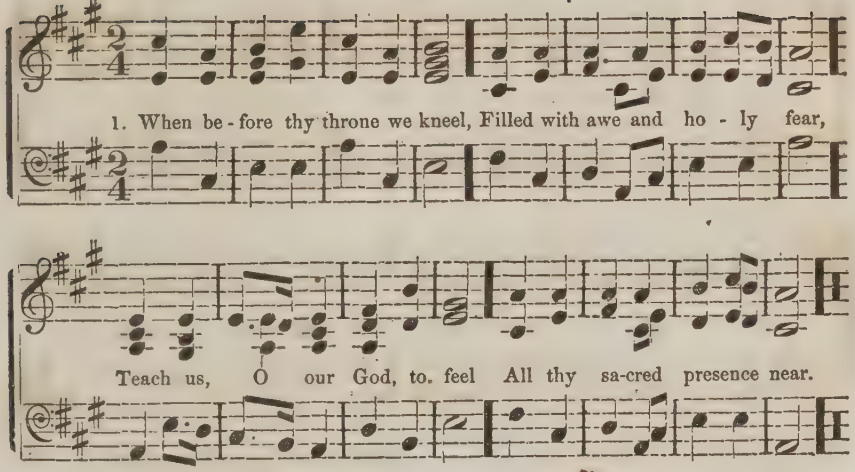
176.

1 Thanks to thee, before we part,
Father, rise from every heart,
For the blessed Sabbath, given
To prepare our souls for heaven.

2 Give the teaching of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power;
Deep impress thy saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.

3 Guide and Guardian be to each,
Till that safer home we reach,
Where—sweet Sabbaths never o'er—
We shall meet and part no more.

177.



2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call,
Man is naught, is less than naught,
Thou, O God, art all in all.

3 O receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One.

178.

1 Praise to God; oh! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise;
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

2 Praise to Him who made the light,
Praise to Him who gave us sight!
Praise to Him who formed the ear!
He our humble praise will hear.

3 Praise Him for our happy hours;
Praise Him for our varied powers;
For these thoughts that soar above;
For these hearts he made for love.

4 For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin;
Praise to Him whose tender care
Keeps the watchful guardian there!

5 Praise the mercy that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend:
Praise Him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

FOLLEN.

179.

1 Saviour! to the living well
Thou hast brought our little feet;
Where its purest waters swell,
Thou hast made our safe retreat.

2 Other lambs, to thee as dear,
Wander in the desert bare,
Thirsting for the fountain clear,
Fainting in the sultry air.

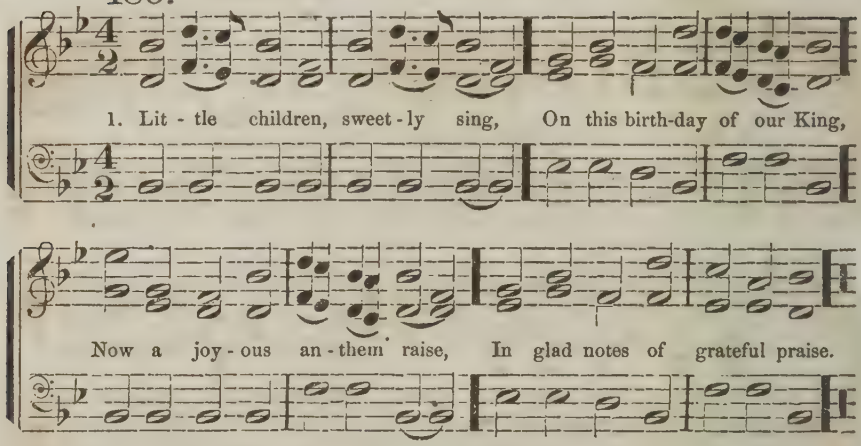
3 We would lead them to thy side,
That, like us, they may be blest;
Tender Shepherd! be their guide
To the pastures of our rest.

4 We would bring them to the spring
Of thy never failing love,
Let its waters murmuring
All their pain and thirst remove,—

5 Till within their hearts that wave
Source of hidden life shall be;
Welling up to bless and save,
Springing to eternity.

Original.

180. *Christmas Carol.*



2 See, he leaves his Father's throne,
Lays aside his starry crown,
And to save the sons of men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Hark! a new song rends the sky,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

4 Angels now their chorus sing,
While the heavenly arches ring
To the seraphs' glad "Amen,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

5 Children, catch the wondrous sound,
Let it peal the earth around,
Till all nations, tribes, and men,
Love the "Babe of Bethlehem."

Sabbath Chimes.

---

181. *Glory to God.*

1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky,
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven!

2 Happy children, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream!

4 Gracious being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our selfish passions cease.

182.

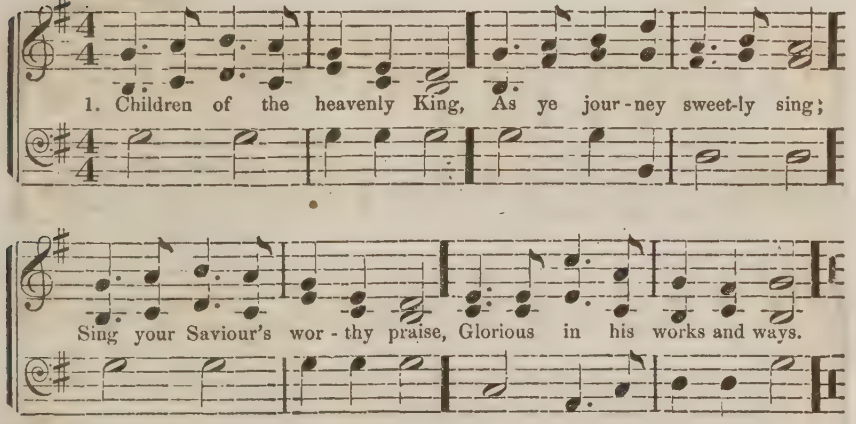
1 Glory to our heavenly King!
Bounteous Parent! thee we sing;
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

2 God of glory! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above!
Thee we bless for daily food;
Thee we bless for every good.

3 More than all, we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.

4 Gracious Father! Heavenly King!
Feeble lips presume to sing;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise!

183. F. M. L.



2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

184.

1 Child! to thee the loved of Heaven,
Boundless power to improve is given;
Rise to meet temptation's power;
Stand, in passion's wildest hour.

2 Fast as danger round thee grows,
Gather strength from conquered foes;
Tread the path the Leader trod,
Pressing on to peace, to God.

3 Pause not, rest not, yield not now,
Soon the crown shall grace thy brow;
Child of Heaven! then fix thine eyes
Onward! onward to the prize.

185.

1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious one!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

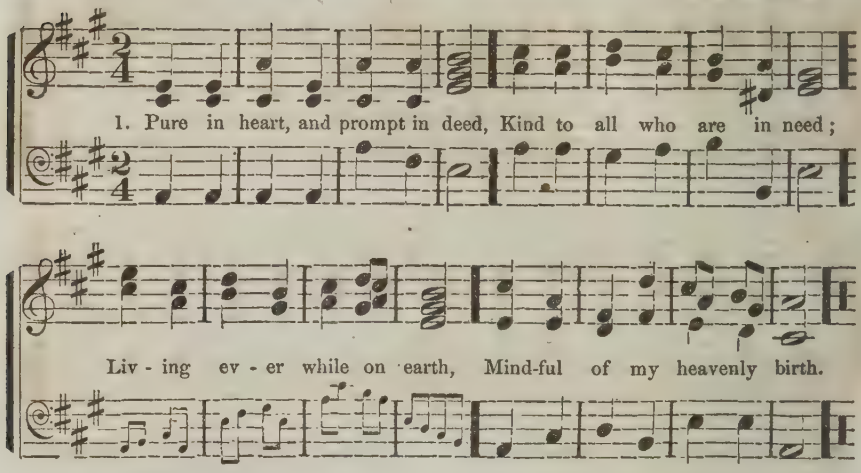
4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

FURNESS.

186.

H. PARKHURST.
"S. S. Minstrel."



2

Watchful, mild, obedient;
Grateful for each blessing lent;
Loving only what is right
In my heavenly Father's sight;

3

Doing good to all I see,
As I'd have them do to me:
This my sum of duty here,
Bringing me to heaven more near.

Treasures of Song and Story.

187.

1

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3

There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony;
That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.

4

Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!

---

188. *Parting Hymn.*

1

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever-present Friend.

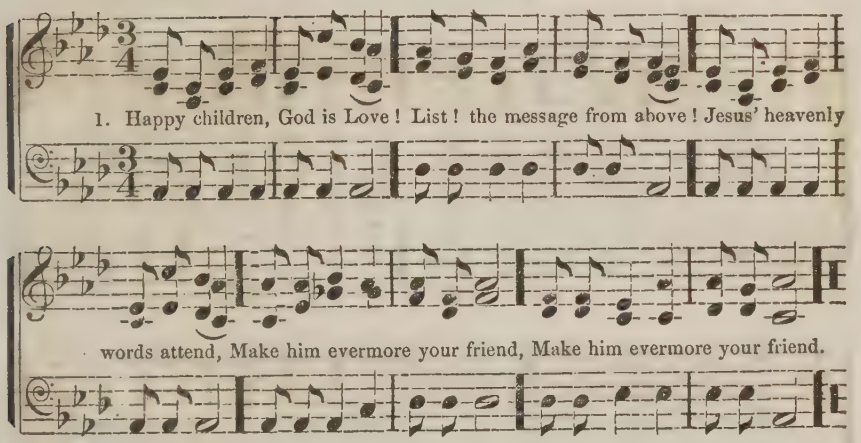
2

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

189. Arranged from Root's "Flower Queen."



2

With a voice of mercy mild,
He is pleading with thee, child,
"Follow me, the Living Way,
I will be thy guide, thy stay."

3

"Follow me when sin is nigh,
I will bid the tempter fly;
Follow me thro' death's dark night,
And my cross shall give thee light."

4

Then will rise thy visioned youth,
Clothed with an immortal truth,
And thy faith be changed to sight,
In a pure, unfading light.

---

190. *God in Nature.*

1

In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see,
Freshly uttered words from God.

2

God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye. [7*]

3

Let us then with searching mind,
Seek a good where'er it springs,
We shall then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things.

---

191. 1

Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
Telling us of holy time;
Kind our teachers are to-day,—
In the school we love to stay.

2

But a music sweeter far,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

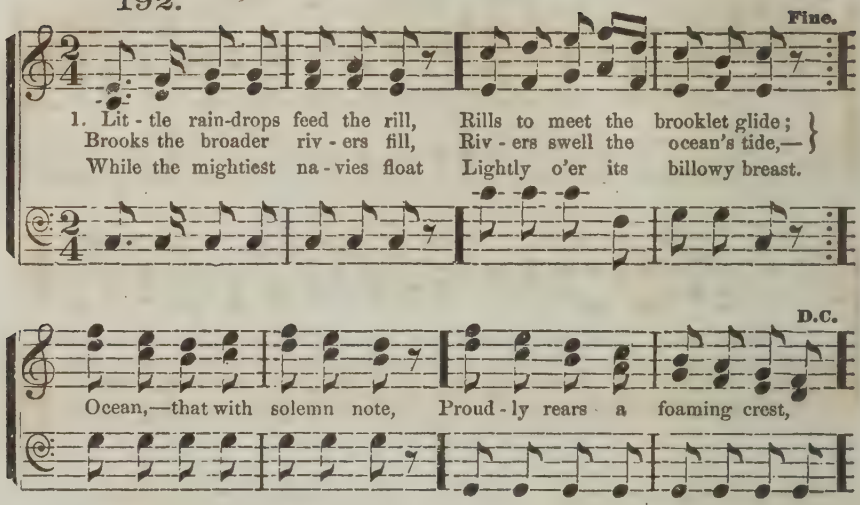
3

Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

4

Yes, that rest our own may be—
All the good shall Jesus see,
And for them that rest remains,
Where the Lord forever reigns.

192.



2

So, the dew-drops gathered here,—
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the land;
With that sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

---

193. 1

Hear ye not a voice from heaven,
To the list'ning spirit given?
"Children, come," it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to me to-day."
Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove;
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
Thus it wins us to his arms.

2

Lord, we will remember thee
While from pains and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the cares of life are few
While to thee, O Lord, we come
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them thine.

---

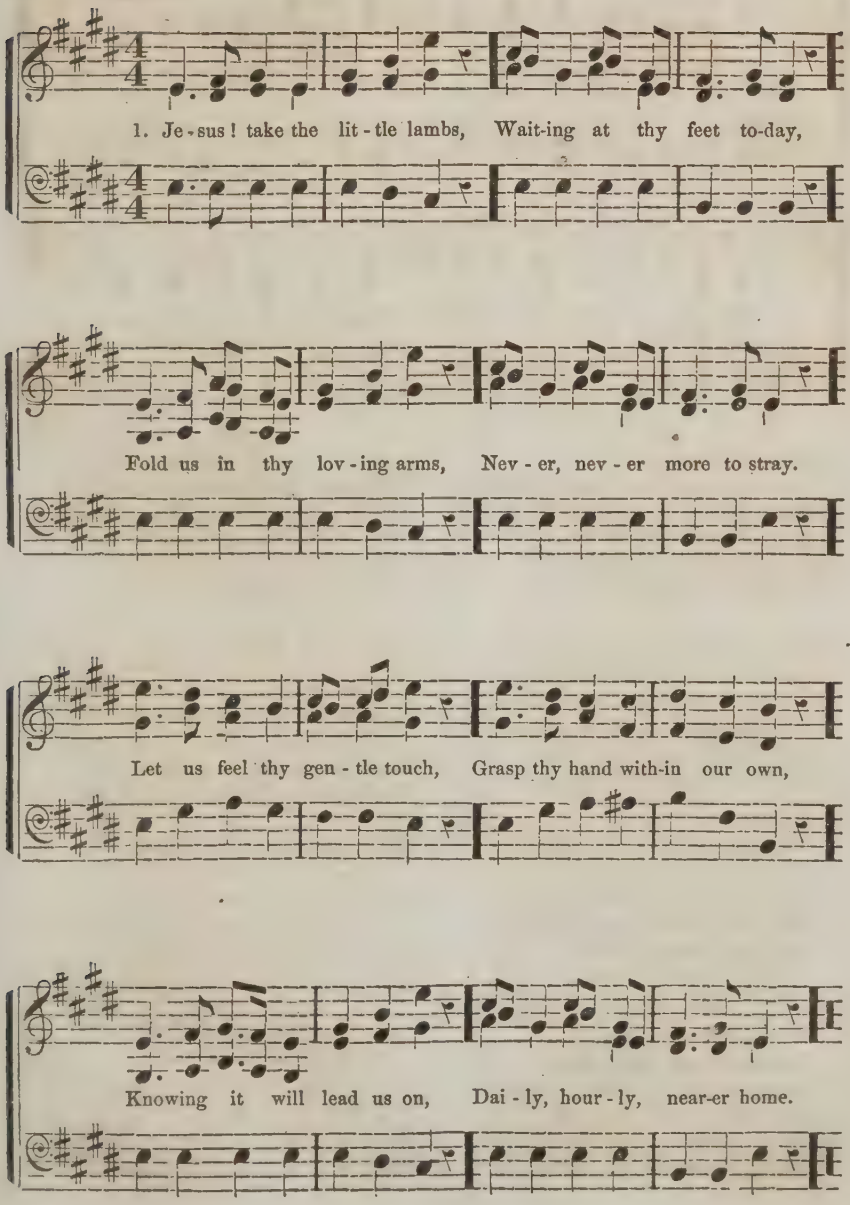
194. 1

Lo! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

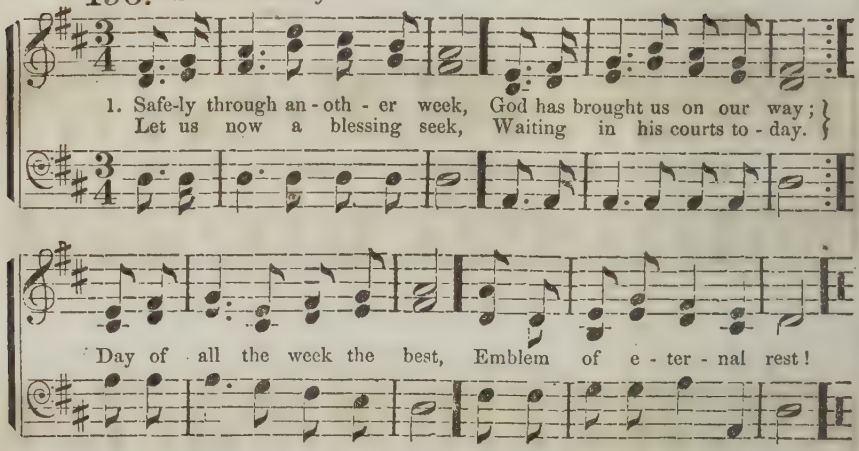
2

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall:
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

195.


1. Je-sus! take the lit-tle lambs, Wait-ing at thy feet to-day,
Fold us in thy lov-ing arms, Nev-er, nev-er more to stray.
Let us feel thy gen-tle touch, Grasp thy hand with-in our own,
Knowing it will lead us on, Dai-ly, hour-ly, near-er home.

196. *Sabbath Morning.*



2

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through our lives, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand.
Yet ungrateful we have been,
Paying back these gifts with sin.

3

Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
In our dear Redeemer's name:
Sin remove, and in its place
Give us virtue's purest flame;
Thus, from all our sins set free,
May we rest at last with thee.

---

197. 1

Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.

2

O how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray:
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

---

198. 1

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me loving, meek, and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free;
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2

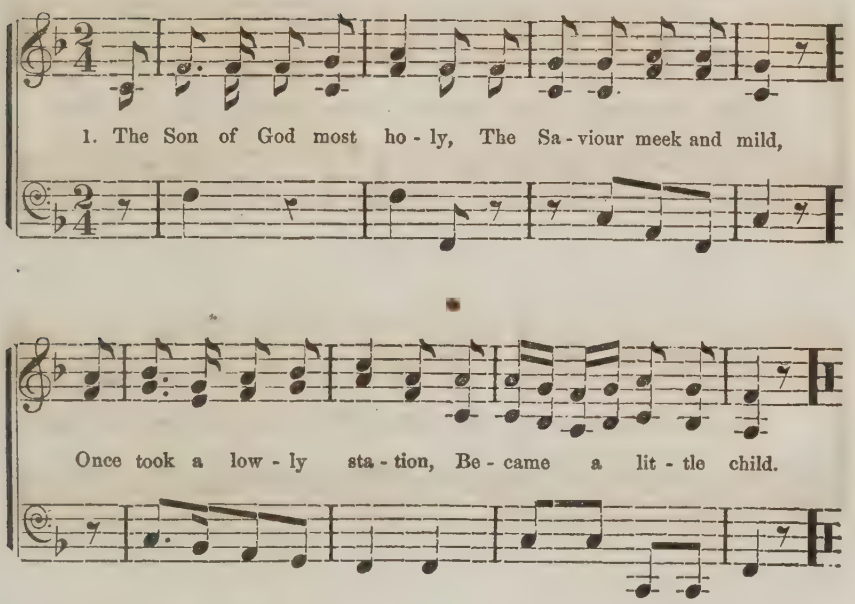
What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone;
So would I with thee abide,
Thou my Father, guard and guide!

199.

"Song Book of the School Room."
By permission.



2

In infancy a stranger,
How mean was his abode!
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God,

3

His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day,
So meek to all around him,
So ready to obey.

4

No stain of sin or folly
Could ever cloud his brow,
His heart so pure and holy
With love would ever glow.

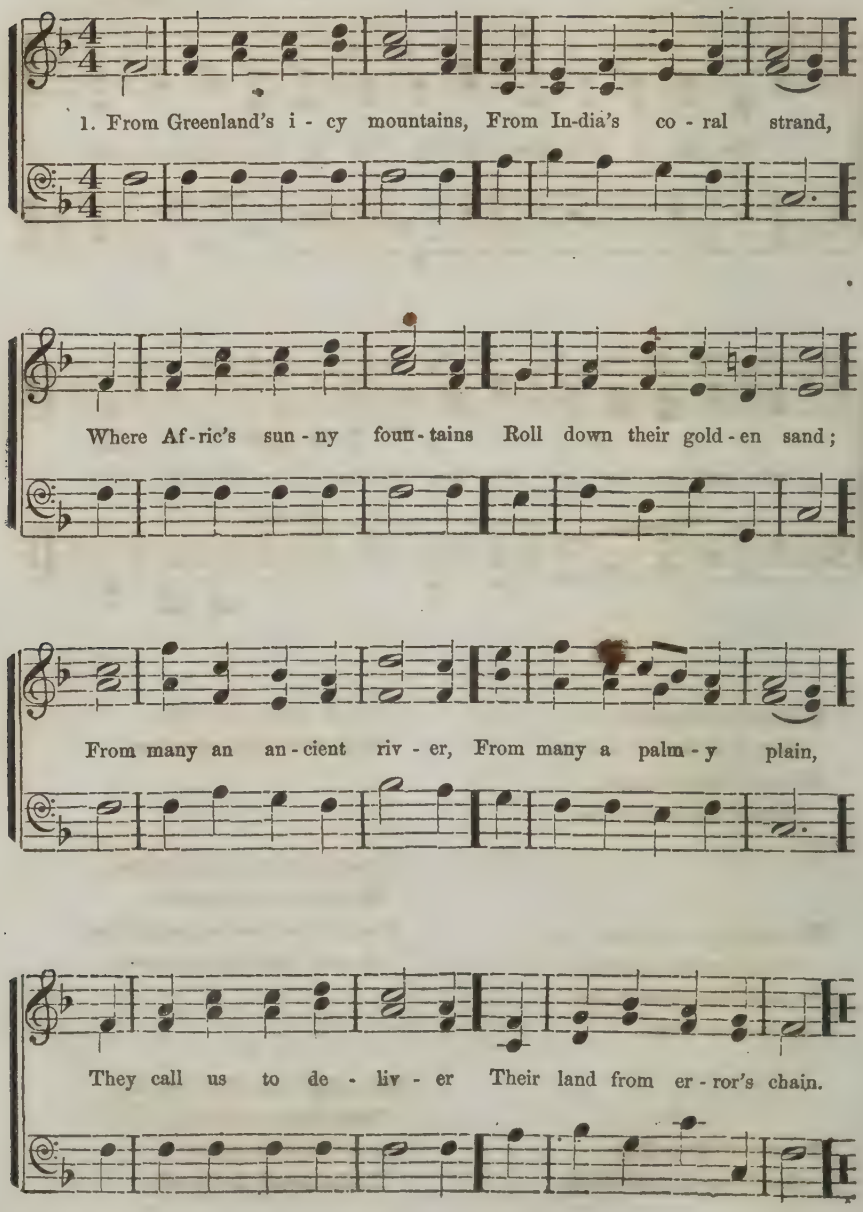
5

And when his foes assailed him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed him,
He died that they might live.

6

This bright example shows us
What duties to fulfil:
Oh let it now arouse us
To learn and do his will.

200.


1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand,
Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Shall learn Messiah's name.

HEBER.

3

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit rais'd above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4

Oh! not a joy nor blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

EDIN. MAG.

---

201. *Prayer.*

1

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

202. *Early Piety.*

1

Remember thy Creator
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2

Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth, its kindred nature,
And life's last ember burns,—
Before, with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,—
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

WEBB

203.

1. Hail! to the Lord's a - noint - ed! Great Da-vid's great - er Son;

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

2

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

3

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love!

MONTGOMERY.

---

204. 1

O God, our Heavenly Father!
With grateful hearts we come,
And in devotion gather
Within this hallowed room:
And while our feeble voices
Bear up the hymn to thee,
Each tender heart rejoices
In thy benignity.

2

Here may thy blessing greet us,
On this thy holy day,
And here our teachers meet us,
And point the heavenly way,—
The way of truth and duty,
Pursued by thy dear Son,—
The path of light and beauty,
Heaven's course on earth begun.

3

Here, while we learn his story
Of meekness, faith, and love,
Of trials, sufferings, glory,
And endless joy above,
O Father! here endue us
With wisdom from on high;
And, as we need, renew us
In Christ-like piety.

4

O Father! may thy kindness
Our gratitude command!
O, may we ne'er in blindness
Reject thy proffered hand!
Thy wisdom, let it guide us
Along life's devious road;
Thy love at last provide us
A rest with thee, O God!

---

205. 1

We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God our Heavenly Father,
We tune our grateful praise:
His own kind hand hath kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2

We thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book the good love best;
For Sabbath schools and teachers,
To us in kindness given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

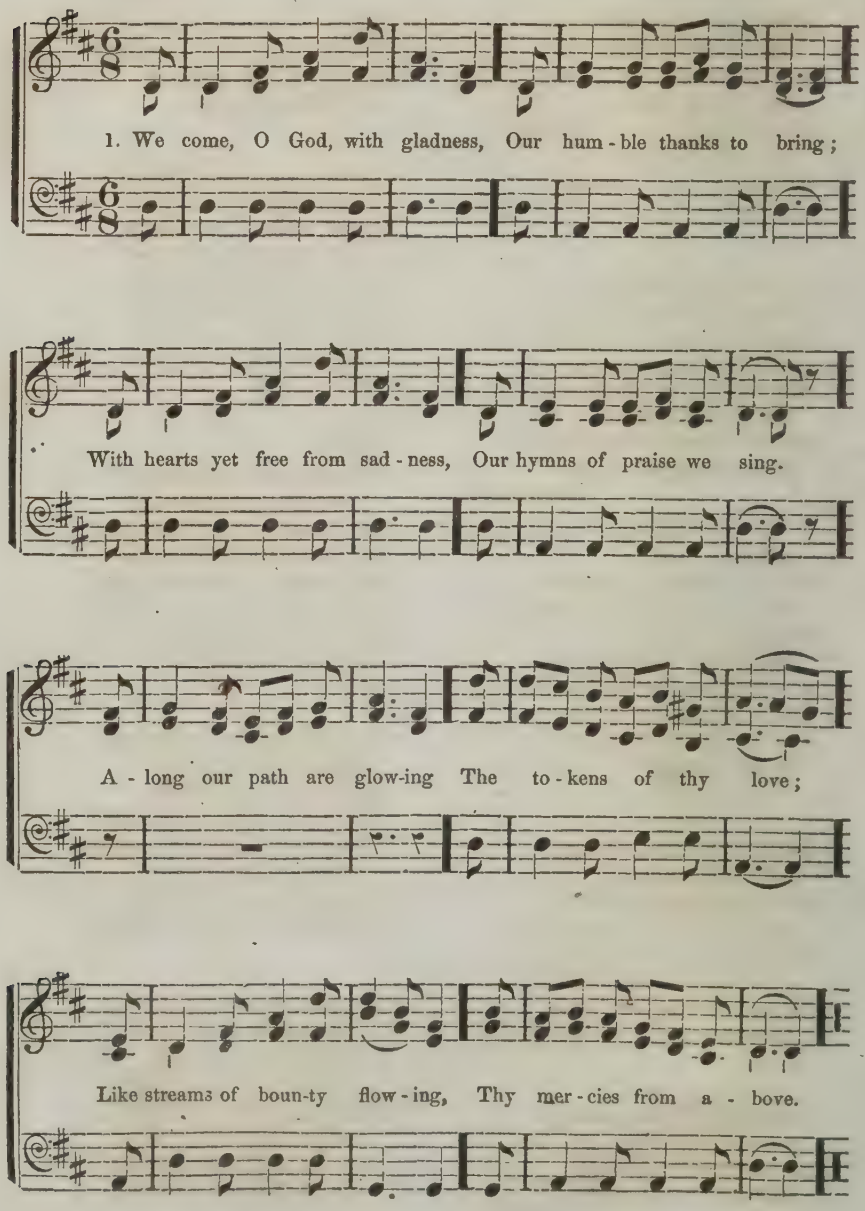
3

We thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod;
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

HOSANNA. 7s & 6s. Double.

206.

From "Anniversary Hymns and Music."



2

Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father! thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here:
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still, thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

3

Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth forever
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'd never,
O, never! turn aside.

---

207. 1

We are the Lambs of Jesus,
And know our Shepherd's voice,
We follow where he leads us,
And in his care rejoice;
For we are young and feeble,
And apt to go astray,
But he is strong and able,
To guide us in the way.

2

We are the Lambs of Jesus,
He calls us by our names;
In meadows green he leads us,
And by the sparkling streams:
And though dread foes surround us,
His eye doth never sleep,
No evil can come nigh us,
While close to him we keep.

4

We are the Lambs of Jesus,
Bound for those mansions fair,
That he has gone before us,
In glory to prepare.
And when he waiteth for us,
With arms outstretched to bless,
There, folded to his bosom,
We shall forever rest.

---

208. 1

We come with happy greeting
And cheerful hearts to-day,
Within the temple meeting,
Our grateful thanks to pay.
To ask God's kind protection,
We, too, would gather here
To seek his wise direction,
Upon the opening year.

2

Oh! that its hours may never
Be lost, or spent in sin,
But find us striving ever
Eternal life to win.
Then, when the soul immortal
Shall leave the things of time,
Brightly, at Heaven's fair portal,
Shall dawn the life sublime.

Original.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings,
Thy wond'rous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

"Go thou, in life's fair morning." 7s & 6s. Double.

From BEETHOVEN.

209.

1. Go thou, in life's fair morn - ing, Go - in the bloom of youth—And buy, for thine a - dorn - ing, The precious pearl of truth: Se-cure this heavenly treas - ure, And bind it on thy heart; And let not worldly pleas - ure E'er cause it to de - part.

2

Go, while the day-star shineth;
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'T is worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!

210.

1

The season's happy voices,
From forest, field and flood,
Now when the earth rejoices,
With spring's awakening good,—
From lowland, hill and river,
Go up in songs of praise;
And ours, to life's great Giver,
In unison we raise.

2

The Bible he has given,—
Its promises and peace,—
Its pure and perfect heaven,
Where sorrowing shall cease;
For all that makes our being
Worth having here below,
To Him, the one All-seeing,
Our full hearts overflow.

3

Delight we here to gather,
From all our quiet homes,
To learn thy will, our Father,
From whom all wisdom comes.
To drink the blessed spirit
Of Jesus, thy dear Son,
That so we may inherit
The kingdom he has won.

DR. E. BARTLETT.

211.

1

The seraphs bright are hovering
Around the throne above,
Their harps are ever tuning
To thrilling tones of love.
Or through the azures soaring,
Or poised on snowy wing,
With glowing hearts adoring,
Sweet choral notes they sing.

2

From earth is daily rising
A rich, harmonious song,
From sunny, perfumed flowers
By breezes borne along.
From hills in sunlight glittering,
From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising
Like incense on the breeze.

3

And childhood's voice is chanting
A full, harmonious song,
When morning light is breaking,
Or evening sweeps along.
For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosanna raise.

212.

1

How beauteous in life's morning,
In days of joyous youth;
To witness in its dawning
The heavenly gleam of truth:
For then bright sunny visions,
Dance blithely o'er the heart,
Earth in its wide dimensions,
No lovelier sight imparts.

2

With joy we greet the hour,
Which bids us all to meet,
To own our Father's power,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
And e'en if sorrow's vesture
O'er our young spirits lies,
Our faith will pierce the shadow,
And point to cloudless skies.

3

O Thou who art the giver
Of all we claim below,
Whose throne must stand forever,
When earth's proud realm lies low;
O! aid the Sabbath Teacher,
And bless the Sabbath School;
Till all shall reach that mansion,
Where endless love shall rule

213.

From "School Vocalist."
By permission.

1. As - - sembled in the morning At this our Sun - day

School, We would, our faith a - dorn - ing, Ob - serve this sa - cred

rule: That as our God's a spir - it, Our spirits should a - -

- - dore; That we may now in - her - it The blessing we im - plore.

2

Humbly our sins confessing
With penitential tear,
Father! we seek thy blessing
On this our meeting here:
O, may all those who teach us,
Be taught of thee above,
That they with power may reach us,
The power of faith and love.

3

Preserve us from temptation,
From idle words and play;
And let thine approbation
Attend us through the day;
O, like the blessed Saviour,
May we obey thy truth,
And thus grow up in favor
With God and man from youth!

---

214. *Opening Hymn.*

1

O God, our Heavenly Father!
With grateful hearts we come,
And in devotion gather
Within this hallowed room;
And while our feeble voices
Bear up the hymn to thee,
Each tender heart rejoices
In thy benignity.

2

Here may thy blessing greet us,
On this thy holy day,
And here our teachers meet us,
And point the heavenly way,—
The way of truth and duty,
Pursued by thy dear Son,—
The path of light and beauty,
Heaven's course on earth begun.

3

Here, while we learn his story
Of meekness, faith, and love,
Of trials, sufferings, glory,
And endless joy above;
O Father! here endue us
With wisdom from on high;
And, as we need, renew us
In Christ-like piety.

215.

1

We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's dark mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine;
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks we raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2

The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3

Redeemer! grant thy blessing,
O teach us how to pray;
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
There where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

SUNRISE. 7s & 6s.

From "Anniversary Hymns and Music."

216.

1. As - sem-bled in the morning, At this our Sun - day School,

We would, our faith a - dorn - ing, Ob - serve this sa - cred rule—

That, as our God's a *Spir - it,* Our *spir - its* should a - dore;

That we may thus in - her - it The blessings we im - plore.

2

And first, our sins confessing,
With penitential tear,
We'd supplicate a blessing
On this our meeting here:
And then for those who teach us
Pure light from Thee above,
That they with power may reach us,—
The power of holy love.

3

Preserve us from temptation;
From idle words and play;
And let thine approbation
Attend us every day.
O, may we give our parents
Obedience from the heart;
Be kind to our companions,
And love to all impart.

4

O, grant thy special favor,
That we may know thy truth,
And imitate the SAVIOUR,
In age as well as youth;
So when we reach the valley
That leads us down to death,
In thee our trust reposing,
Yield up in hope our breath.

L. G. PRAY.

217.

1

Have faith in man, thy brother,
The heavenly Father's child;
And ever in thy judgment
Be merciful and mild.
Have love for man, thy brother,
Though lowly be his lot,
For by the Almighty Father
He never is forgot.

2

Forgive thine erring brother,
As God forgiveth thee;
And bear with all his failings
In patient charity.
Deal gently with the fallen;
And do not thou forget,
However he has wandered,
He is thy brother yet.

218.

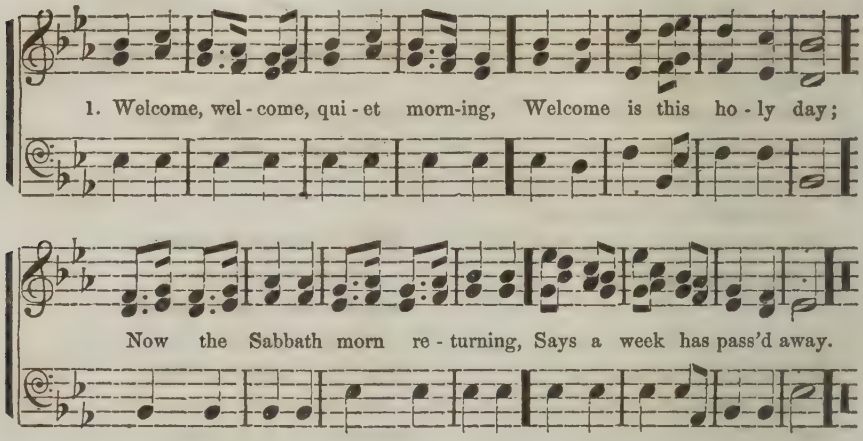
1

The eastern hills are glowing
With morning's purple ray;
Arrayed in light, he's coming,
The glorious orb of day.
All hail! thou constant emblem
Of Him who dwells above,—
Of Him so great and glorious,
And yet so full of love!

2

How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new!
On every grass-blade twinkles
The pearly drop of dew.
How good is He who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day!
With grateful hearts we'll praise him
In morning's earliest ray.

219. *Sabbath Morning.*



2

Let me think how time is passing—
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

3

Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

4

Swift my life's vain dreams are passing,
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

5

Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

6

Then, when years have gather'd o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me:
There my treasure will be laid.

220. 1

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.

3

Make us gentle, kind and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

---

221. 1

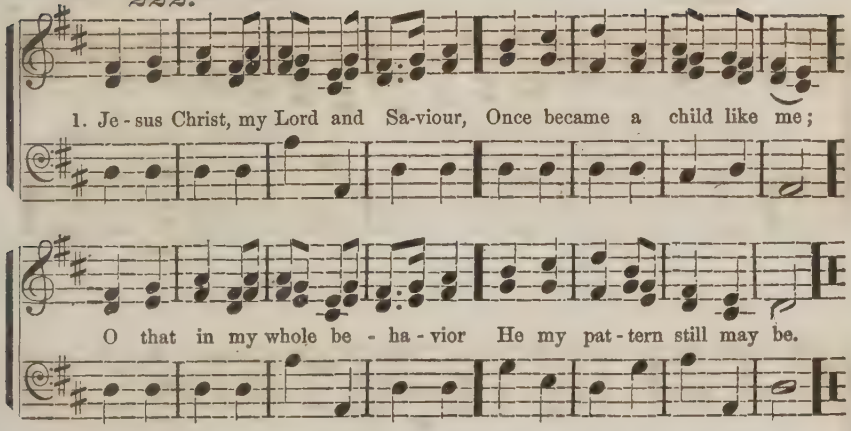
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

NEWTON.

222.



2
If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3
While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,—
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

4
Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

---

223. 1
Lord, who lovest little children,
Unto thee we come to-day,
Raise our voices in thanksgiving
While we bend the knee to pray.

2
Through another week, thou'st kept us
Safely, free from every ill,
Fit us, while on earth we linger,
Thy commandments to fulfil.

3
Though we are but feeble children,
Jesus calls us by his love,
Bidding us prepare to meet him,
At the throne of God above.

4
There in robes of spotless whiteness,
With our golden harps in hand,
Sweet will sound the song of gladness,
Coming from our angel band.

Sabbath Chimes.

---

224. 1
Jesus blessed the little children,
And he loves to hear them pray,
Once, he pressed them to his bosom,
May his grace be here to-day.

2
May his Spirit guide our teachers,
May it fill our parents dear;
May it bless the little children,
May it dry up every tear.

3
Then, when life's great work is ended,
And the Father bids us come
To the place of his ascended,
May we meet in that bright home.

LOVE EACH OTHER. 8s & 7s. Double.

225.

From Root's "Flower Queen."

1. "Lit - tle chil - dren, love each oth - er," Is the bless-ed Saviour's rule;

Eve - ry lit - tle one is brother To his playmates while at school

We're all chil-dren of one Father, The great God, who reigns above;

Shall we quar - rel?—no; much rather Would we be like him—all love.

2

He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind:
He is ever watching, whether
We are of one heart and mind.
Which is stronger than the other?
He must be the weak one's friend;
Who's more playthings than his brother?
He'll delight to give and lend.

3

Selfish children's bad behavior
Shows they love themselves alone;
But the children of a Saviour
Say not anything's their own.
All they have they share with others,
Give kind looks and gentle words:
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

---

226. 1

"Let them come, the little children,
To my fold and to my breast,"
Said the gentle, loving Saviour,
As the children round him pressed.
May we come, all false and sinning,
With our passions all aglow?
Did he welcome *thus* the children?
Would he meet and bless *us* so?

2

He can help us in our passion,—
Teach us how to turn away
From the power of each temptation,
That would lead our lives astray.
But to have his smile and favor,—
To be called the Saviour's own,
We must all be true and tender,
Seeking, loving good alone.

3

Help us, help us, gentle Jesus!
We are very weak and small;
Stand between us and the evil;
Guide us through and over all.
We will struggle daily, hourly,
That we may by thee be blest:
To thy fold O let us enter!
Take us to thy loving breast. A. S.

---

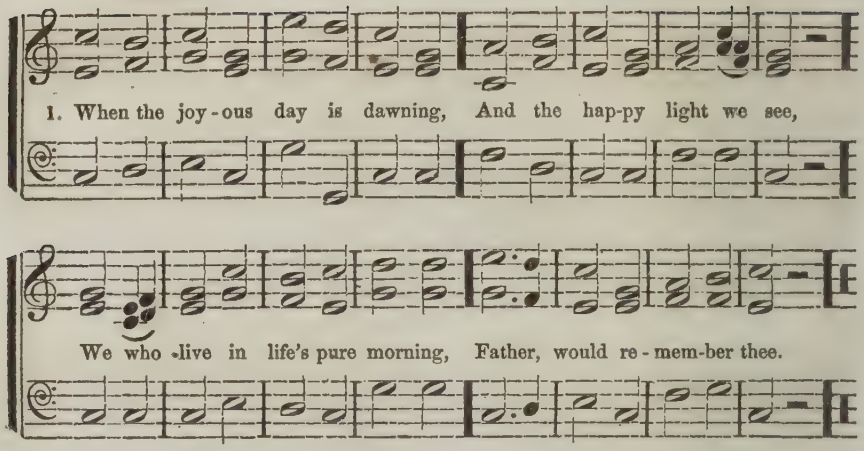
227. 1

List, the Shepherd now is calling,
Let us hearken to his voice;
He will keep the weak from falling,
He will bid the strong rejoice.
Kindly, gently, he will lead us
Where the living waters flow,
With celestial manna feed us,
And his holy rest bestow.

2

Never, though the way be dreary,
Let us wander from his side;
We will lean on him when weary,
Trust him, whatsoe'er betide.
Shepherd, Saviour, love so tender
Never shall rejected be;
Joyfully we would surrender
All our grateful hearts to thee.

228.



2

While in quiet we were sleeping,
Kindly, though we knew it not,
Thou a guardian watch wert keeping;
Never is thy child forgot.

3

Now another day is given,
With thy love may it be blest;
May we think of thee and heaven,
Of that purer, better rest.

---

229. *Praise ye the Lord.*

1

Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew!
When the world, again created,
Beams with beauties fair and new!

2

Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant with the flowers!
Praise, thou willow by the brookside!
Praise, ye birds among the bowers!

3

Praise the Lord! and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

4

Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven!
Angels, sing your sweetest lays!
Children, utter forth his glory!
Sound your great Creator's praise!

---

230. 1

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him all ye stars of light!

2

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3

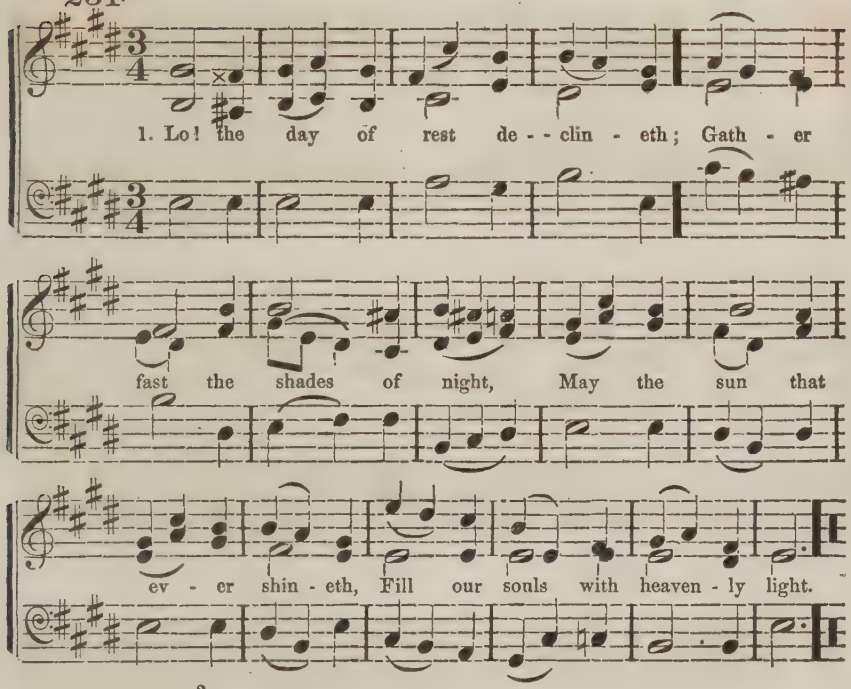
Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

From Root's "Flower Queen."

231.



2

Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children meekly calling
Purer influence God will shed.

3

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing;
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

232.

1

Peaceful be thy silent slumber!
Peaceful in the grave so low!
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.

2

Loved companion! thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.

3

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

233.

1

One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet warbler hence has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2

She has gone to heaven before us;
But *she* turns and waves *her* hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

3

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that *she* has trod;
Let us worship at the altar
Where *she* gave *her* heart to God.

4

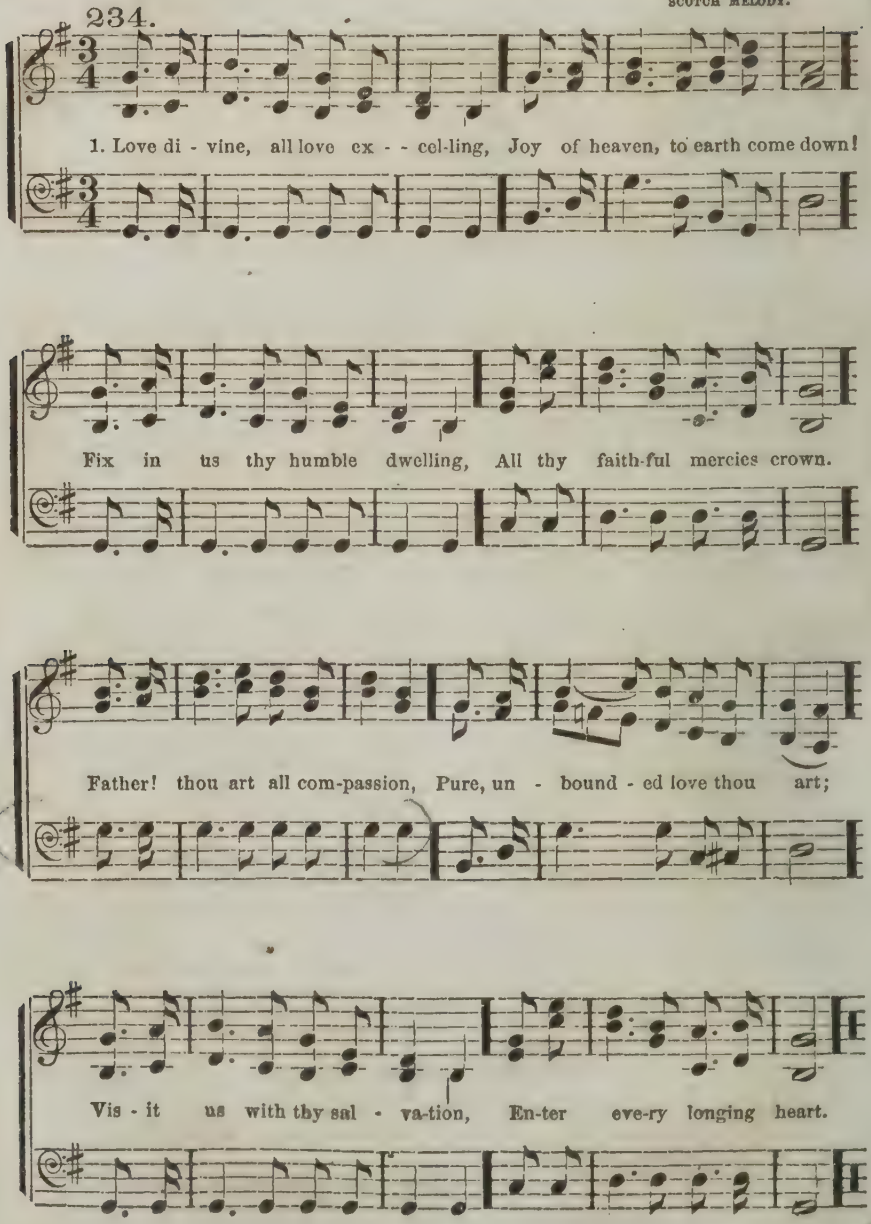
Lord! may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free;
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like *her*, we go to thee.

Kenath

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s, Double.

SCOTCH MELODY.

234.



2

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

235.

1

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

2

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found.
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

236.

1

Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.
Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

2

Ever thus, in God's high praises,
Children, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

3

"Lord! thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts, Most High!"

237.

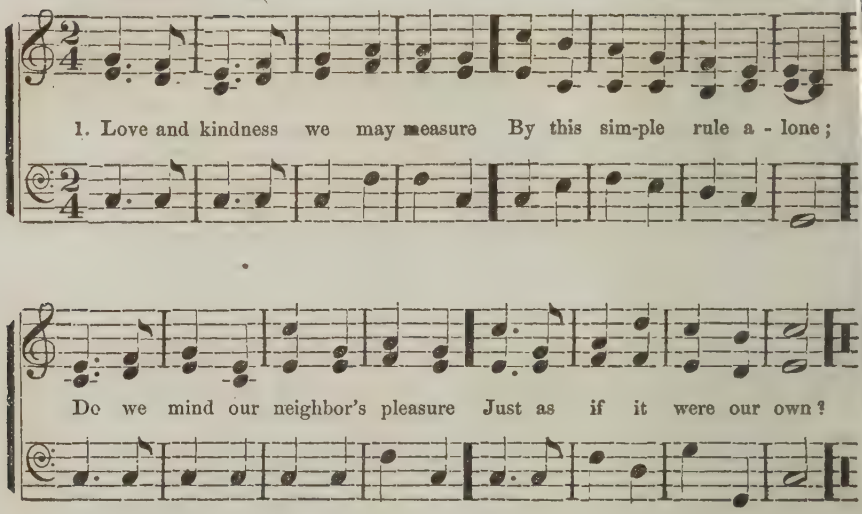
1

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move,
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

238. Melody by H. BIRD.



2

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best:
Let us love like friends and brothers:
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

3

His example we should borrow,
Who descended from above,
And endured such pain and sorrow
Out of tenderness and love.

3

Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or service.
Mark it as a holy day.

4

Work! our Father worketh ever!
He who works not cannot play:
Work for use, or work for beauty,
So sweet rest shall crown each day.

---

239. 1

Life is not a fleeting shadow,
Or a wave upon the beach;
Though our days be swift, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.

2

Life is ours for faithful labor,
Of the hand, or of the thought;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living meaning fraught.

240. 1

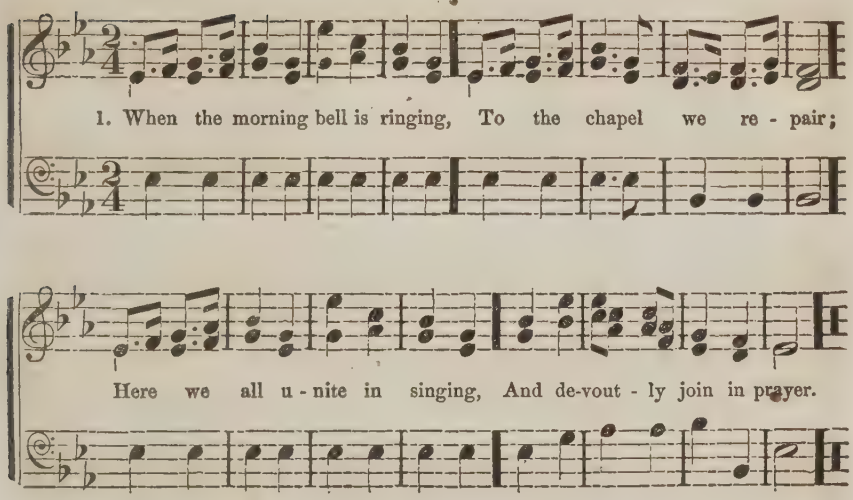
O my good and gracious Maker!
May I love thee as I ought!
Let me, by thy loving guidance,
Into all good ways be brought.

2

Make me love my Lord and Saviour,
Who so much hath lovèd me;
And, when life on earth is ended,
Let me live with him and thee.

241.

From the "Sunday School Singing Book."
By permission.



2

While in harmony our voices
  Are ascending to our God,
Every grateful heart rejoices
  Thus to spread his praise abroad.

3

In the duties now before us
  Let us faithfully engage;
Spirit of all truth! be o'er us,
  As we search the sacred page.

4

May the lessons Christ has taught us,
  All our minds and hearts improve;
And the blessings he has brought us
  Wake a strong and holy love.

5

Thankful for the kind protection
  Which has blessed us through the week,
Still imploring thy direction,
  While we heavenly wisdom seek,

6

Father! thus, in pure devotion,
  Every thought inspired by love,
Gratitude in each emotion,
  Would we lift our souls above.

---

242. 1

Father! grant us now thy blessing,
  Smile upon us from above;
Let us all, pure hearts possessing,
  Fill our lives with deeds of love.

2

Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;
  Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
  Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

243.

From a Greek Melody.

1. Gracious God, our heavenly Father! Meet and bless our school, we pray;

As in humble trust we gath - er, Teachers, scholars, here to - day.

Eve - ry joy, and eve-ry bless - ing, From thy bounteous hand we own;

May thy love, our souls pos - sess - ing, Draw us near - er to thy throne.

2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
Bring us back to virtue's way.
Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee;
In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In thy peace and purity.

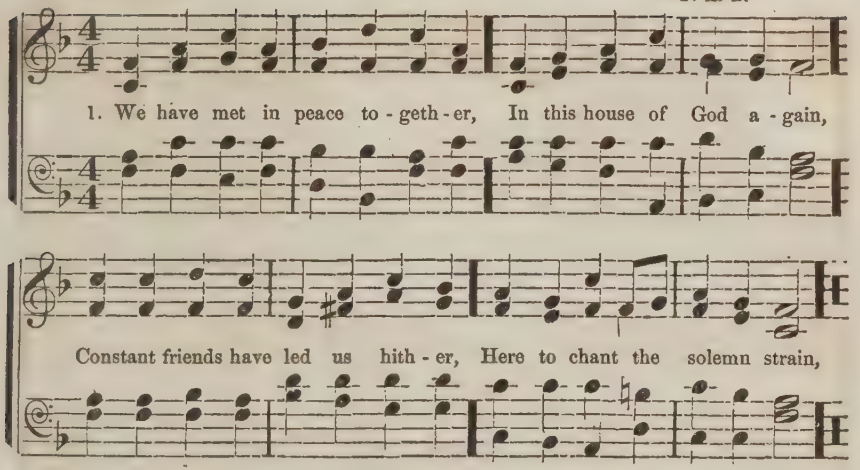
244.

1 In the duties now before us,
Let us faithfully engage;
Spirit of all truth! be o'er us,
As we search the sacred page.
May the lessons Christ has taught us,
All our minds and hearts improve;
And the blessings he has brought us
Wake a strong and holy love.

2 Thankful for the kind protection
Which has blessed us through the week,
Still imploring thy direction,
While we heavenly wisdom seek,
Father! thus, in pure devotion,
Every thought inspired by love,
Gratitude in each emotion,
Would we lift our souls above.

245.

"Cornhill Harp."
F. A. B.



2 We have met, but time is flying;
We shall part, but still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring.

3 Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to him whose smile is brightest,
And whose love will calm our fears.

4 Then with glory never ending,
We our Saviour's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

246.

1 Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing of thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy;
O how solemn we should be.

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 Heavenly Father, thou hast told us
What thou'd have us be and do;
Thou dost evermore behold us,
And dost search us through and through.

4 May our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us in the way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

247.

1 Let thy Spirit, Lord, descending,
Rest upon each youthful heart;
May his grace our steps attending,
Heavenly life and love impart.

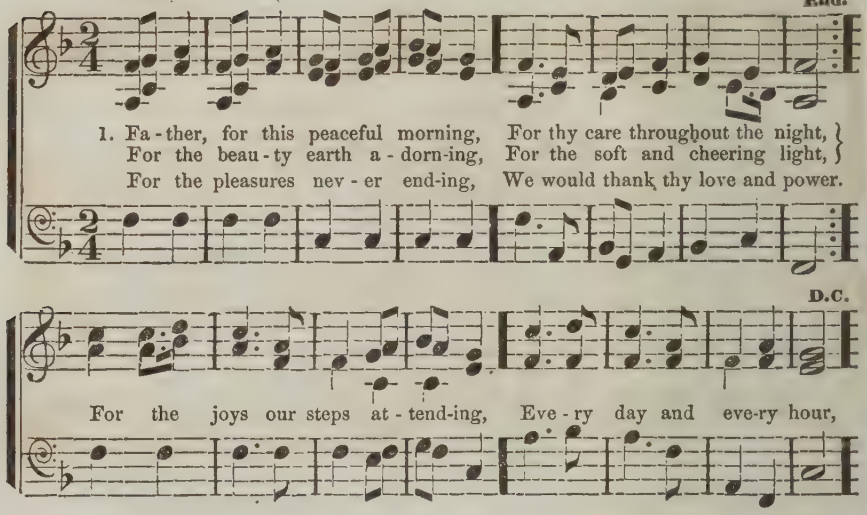
2 Let thy presence go before us,
Through this wilderness of sin!
Spread thy sheltering pinions o'er us,
Light the lamp of truth within.

3 O thou good and gracious Father!
We would thy protection claim;
O thou gentle Shepherd, gather
With thine arm each little lamb.

4 Feed us in thy verdant meadows,
Lead us by thy quiet streams,
Till beyond the vale of shadows,
Heaven's unclouded glory beams.

"Temple Melodies."
By permission.

248.



2 For the parents watching o'er us,
For the friends to us so dear,
For the teachers now before us,
Father, we would thank thee here;
For the precious lessons brought us,
In the Gospel's holy page,
For the Heavenly Friend who taught us
Thee to serve in youth and age.

3 While thy throne of grace addressing,
We thy children, own thy love,
Gracious Father, let thy blessing
Rest upon us from above.
May our errors be forgiven;
May each heart thy temple be;
May we rest at last in heaven,
From all sin and sorrow free.

249.

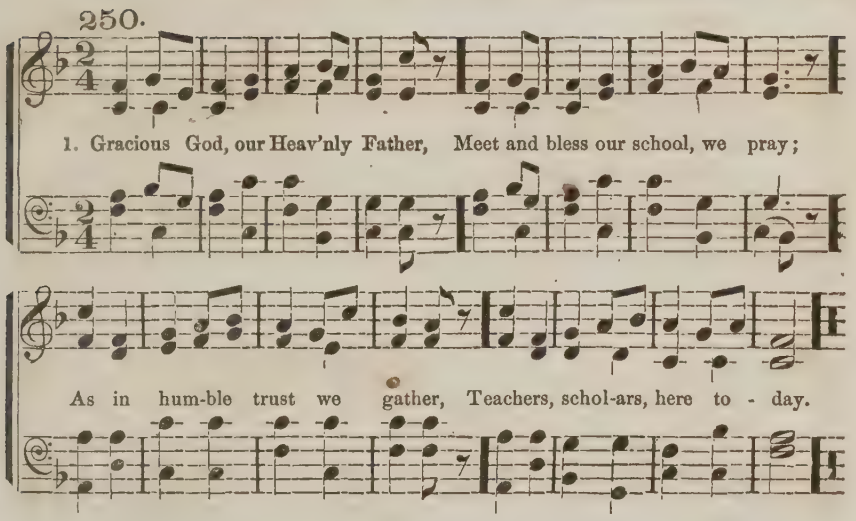
1 "Mary!" said the risen Jesus,
In the morning twilight dim—
Through the shadows and the weeping
Mary knew and knelt to him;
Gone that long night's hopeless anguish,
Gone the waking hour's fresh pain;
All her soul one gush of gladness,
Clasping those dear feet again.

2 Not alone to weeping Mary,
Prostrate by the empty tomb,
Speaks the tender voice of Jesus—
Where'er hovers earthly gloom,
Where'er human hearts are aching,
Lone in grief or low in sin,
There those thrilling tones are pleading,
If the soul will take them in.

3 Not alone to sorrowing women,
Not alone to stricken men,
Come the risen Saviour's accents,
Bringing light and joy again;
To the weary little children,
Worn with toil or tired with play,
To the tempted little children,
Wandering from the heavenly way.

4 To the orphan, to the homeless,
By the dearest household name
Speaks the loving, living Saviour,
With affection still the same.
Know and kneel in love before him,
Little children, sad or gay;
To a purer life he calls you,
Dawning with this Easter-Day.

250.



2
Every joy, and every blessing,
From thy bounteous hand we own:
May thy love, our souls possessing,
Draw us nearer to thy throne.

3
Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
Bring us back to virtue's way.

4
Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee;
In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In thy peace and purity.

5
So, by faith and love perfected
Unto every Christian grace,
In our lives the life reflected
Of our Saviour may we trace.

6
Here our joys and duties blending
With thy service on our way,
Till, from earth to heaven ascending,
Dawns on us the perfect day.

---

251. *God the Creator.*

1
Mighty God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

2
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:

3
For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

4
For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

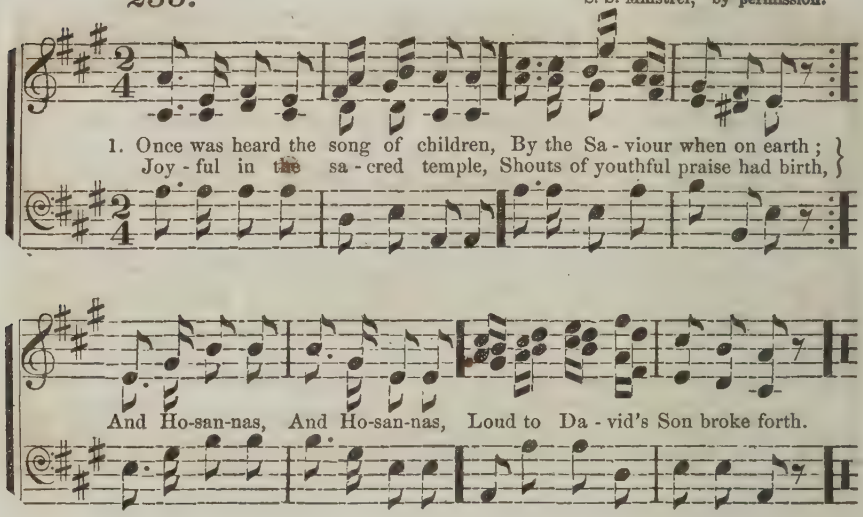
252.

1
Heavenly Father! grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2
Have we wandered? O, forgive us!
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love!

253.

"S. S. Minstrel," by permission.



2 O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

254.

1 God has said—"For ever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth—
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Father,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, when we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Father's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Then, when evening shades shall gather,
Shall our faithful footsteps come
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our blessed spirit-home:
Gently passing
To the happy spirit-home.

255.

1 In our childhood's morning, Father,
While the world is bright and fair,
We would in thy temple gather,
Find our truest pleasures there,
Seek thy blessing,
Ask thy guardian love and care.

2 Fain would we upon thy altar
Lay the hearts that should be thine,
But our feeble footsteps falter—
Guide us by thy light divine,
Shine around us,
Sun of Righteousness! O shine.

3 Shield us in temptation's trial,
Be our strength when we are weak,
Aid us in each self-denial,
Make us loving, truthful, meek,
And thy glory
May our daily conduct speak.

256.

Arranged for Music, by S. S. WARDWELL.

1. Chil - dren hear, for God hath spo - ken, 'Tis the God that reigns on high; He whose law the world hath bro - ken, Sends you ti - dings of great joy. Hear his mes - sage, Hear his mes - sage, Children hear it, lest you die.

2 Hear the gospel, children, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings;
Here's a fountain—O draw near it!—
Opened by the King of kings;
Living water
Thence in streams eternal springs.

3 Children hear, why will you perish?
Death to life, O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

257.

1 Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2 Young in years,—we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see,—
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

258.

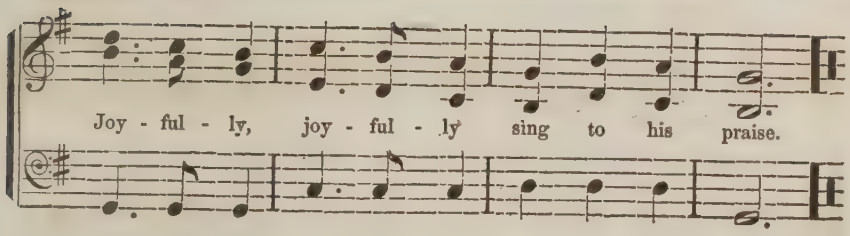
From the "Oriola," by permission.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, come we to bring Anthems of
Bless - ing and thanks to our Fa - ther be - long, Joy - ful - ly,

praise to our Mak - er and King; } What though our voic - es are
joy - ful - ly, join in the song. }

fee - ble and weak? Bend-ing from heav - en, he hears when we

speak; Sweet the child's wor - ship as an - gels' glad lays,



2

Parents and home to his kindness we owe,
Raiment and food does his bounty bestow,
Happiness, health, are the gifts of his love,
Joyfully lift the glad chorus above.
Best of all blessings, he gives us his Son,
Leader and Guide till the victory is won,
Till in the land of the blest we shall sing,
Joyfully, joyfully, "praise to our King."

---

259. *Easter.*

1

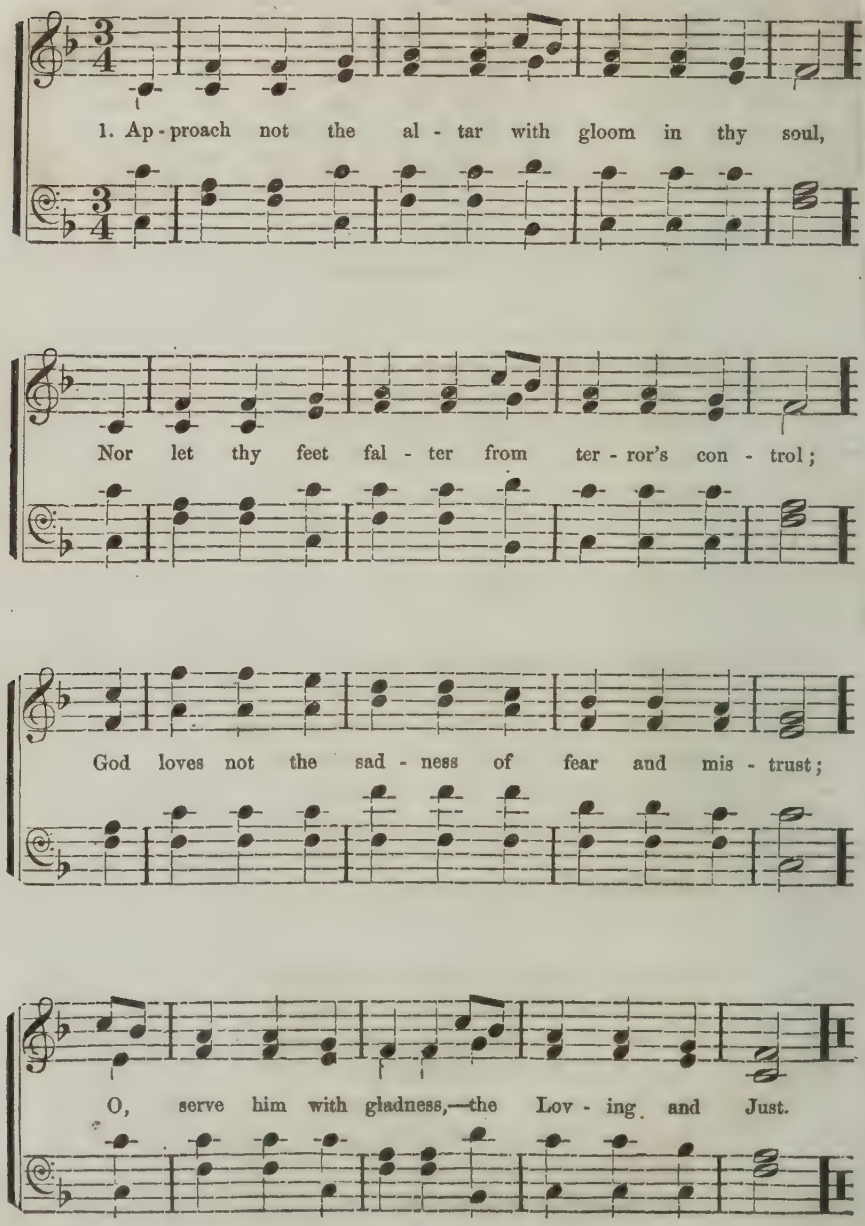
Joyfully, joyfully lift the glad voice,
Jesus has risen! ye children, rejoice!
Scatt'ring the clouds of the grave's cheerless night,
Sun of our souls! now he beams on our sight.
Vanish at once all the doubt and the fear;
Jesus has passed through the valley so drear;
Light from his presence illumines the way,
Joyfully, joyfully sing we to-day.

2

We, like our Saviour, o'er death may prevail;
He is our guardian, our strength shall not fail;
We, too, may triumph o'er sorrow and pain,
Rising with him in his glory to reign.
Hail then, the morn of this glorious day!
Angels and spirits are joining our lay;
Jesus has risen! he lives evermore!
Joyfully, joyfully sing and adore!

260. *Praise to God.*

Arranged from WOLF.



2

His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise!

3

Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled: MRS. OSGOOD.

---

261. 1

To Zion, of old Christ triumphantly rode,
While children his pathway with palm branches strewed,
With anthems the courts of the proud temple rung,
As pealing hosannas they joyfully sung.

2

No palms to the altar can children now bring,
Far purer their gifts to their Father and King;—
Glad hearts that his love has continued to bless,
Which break forth in singing their thanks to express.

3

Oh! draw us to thee in the dawn of our days,
Guide faltering feet that are seeking thy ways,
Oh! lead us, thou Fountain of light and of love!
To serve thee on earth, and to see thee above.

---

262. 1

How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

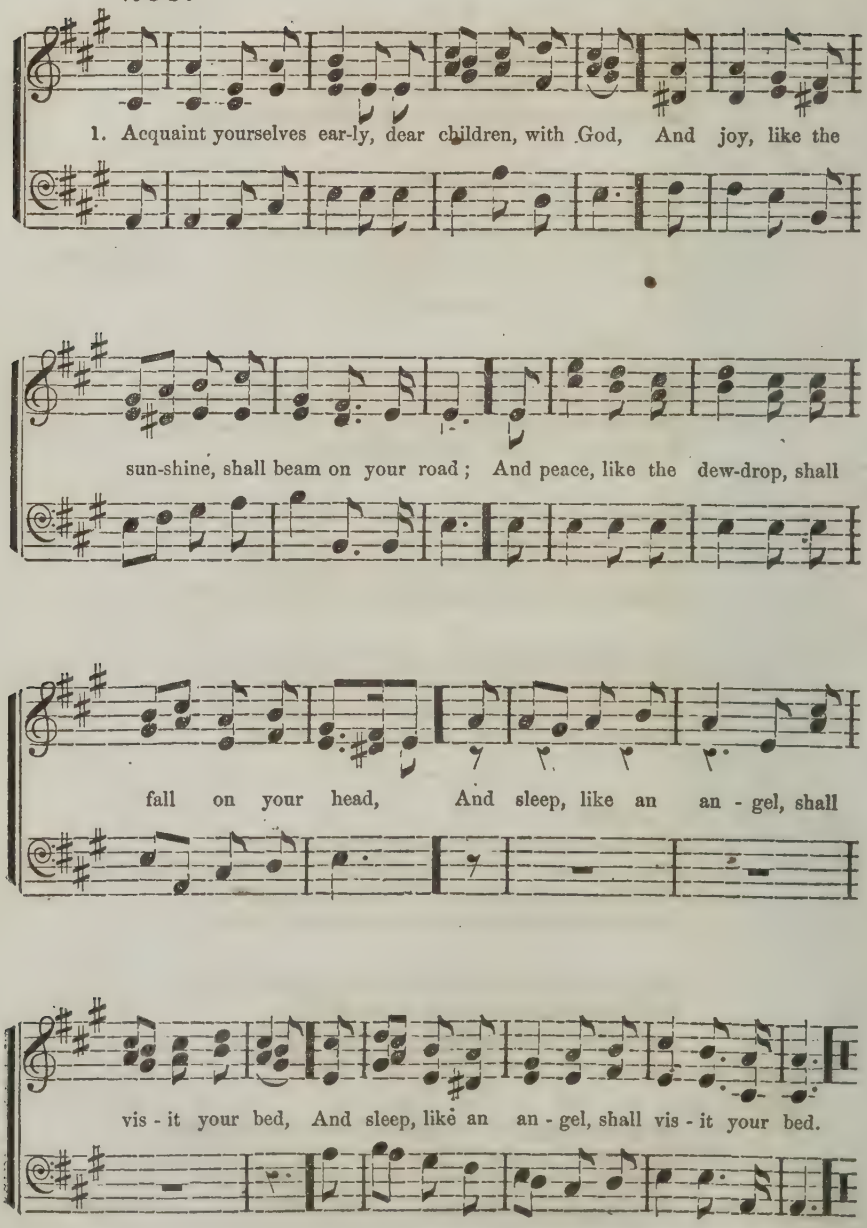
2

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven. J. H. PERKINS.

263.


1. Acquaint yourselves ear-ly, dear children, with God, And joy, like the
sun-shine, shall beam on your road; And peace, like the dew-drop, shall
fall on your head, And sleep, like an an - gel, shall
vis - it your bed, And sleep, like an an - gel, shall vis - it your bed.

2

Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God,
And he shall be with you when fears are abroad;
Your safeguard in dangers that threaten your path,
Your joy in the valley and shadow of death.

264.

1

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

2

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love. MONTGOMERY.

265.

1

How sweet is the Sabbath, the season of rest,
The day of the week which we surely love best!
This morning our Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2

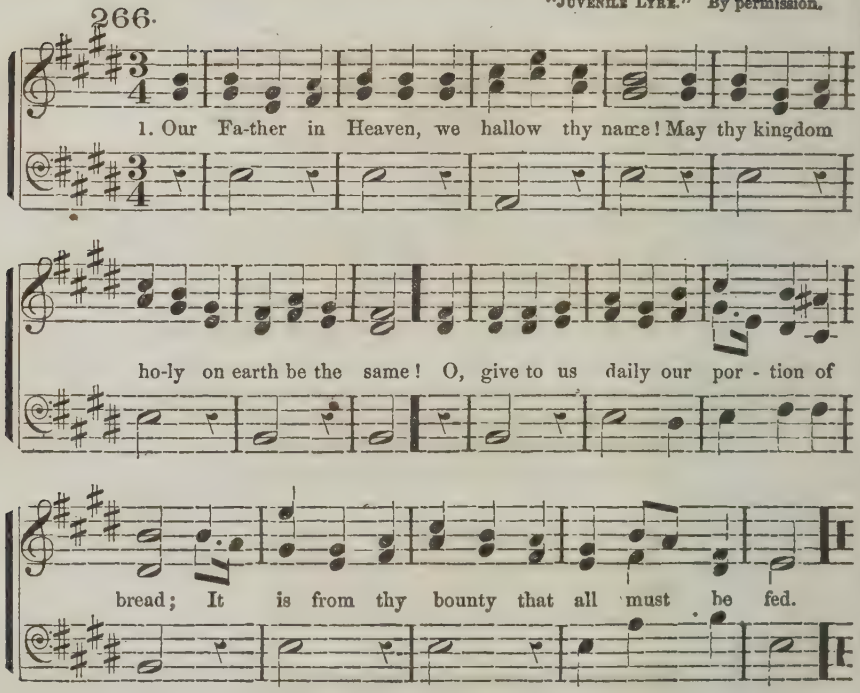
O, let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play!
Remembering the Sabbath was graciously given,
To draw us from earth, and prepare us for heaven.

3

Behold us, our Father! though children we be,
We are not too young to be noticed by thee;
Be our guardian and guide, through life's early days,
Let us give thee our hearts, and live to thy praise.

"JUVENILE LYRE." By permission.

266.



2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever, Amen.

267.

1 Sweet days of our childhood! how swiftly they fly,
All bright with the hues of spring-blossoms and sky;
All rich with the means our dear Father has given
To fit us for life on his earth, in his heaven.

2 Dear friends of our childhood! so kindly and true,
What language can utter the gratitude due
For counsel that guides us, for care that ne'er tires,
And love that our highest of effort inspires?

3 Loved haunts of our childhood! the school-room, the home,
And this sacred spot where so gladly we come
In morning's fresh hours, each new week to begin,
By learning the conquest of self and of sin.

4 O, not all in vain be these blessings bestowed!
But, ever advancing, though steep be the road,
From each may we gather the good it can give
To fit us on earth and in heaven to live.

MISS A. SEYMOUR.

268.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know His love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

---

269. WATTS.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
  Shall conquer, though they 're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
  And soon with Christ shall reign.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
  And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
  The glory shall be Thine.

---

270. WATTS.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
  He can create, and He destroy.

We are His people, we His care,
  Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
  Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
  Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

---

271. WATTS.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
  With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
  In these cold hearts of ours

See how we grovel here below,
  Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
  To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
  In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
  And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
  With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
  And that shall kindle ours.

272. BARBAULD.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Sufferer! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

---

273. WATTS.

Early, my God, without delay,
  I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
  Without Thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
  Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
  And they must drink or die.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
  Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
  As Thy forgiving love.

Thus, till my last, expiring day,
  I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
  And tune my lips to sing.

---

274. DODDRIDGE.

Eternal and immortal King!
  Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
  When God with all His glory 's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
  The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
  In fixed regard, great God! to Thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
  Shamed in Thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soil
  The likeness it contemplates wears.

O ever conscious to my heart!
  Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold it presseth on to Thee,
  For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge,
  To bear Thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
  Its only portion and delight!

---

275. MONTGOMERY.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, — these three,
Yet is the greatest Charity!
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart: —

Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for "God is love."

The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form: —

But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

---

276. COWPER.

Far from the world, O Lord! I flee,
  From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
  Its most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
  With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
  For those who follow Thee.

Then, if Thy presence cheer the soul,
  And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace and joy and love
  She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
  Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
  Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
  Thou source of light divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
  My Father! — Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love, —
  A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
  When time shall be no more.

---

277. ALFORD.

God is our refuge and defence,
Our shield, His dread omnipotence.
  Earth may beneath us shrink,
  The ancient mountains hoar
  Down in the deep tide sink, —
  Let the wild deluge roar!
Jehovah is our refuge and defence!

There is a river calm and pure,
Whose streams refresh and well secure
  The dwelling-place of God.
  Blest city, fair and bright,
  His favored saints' abode,
  Where the Lord reigns in light, —
No foe can shake His strong foundations sure.

God is our refuge and our shield;
What then can make us fear or yield?
  Wars at His bidding cease,
  He breaks the bow and spear,
  He reigns in truth and peace;
  Let all adore and fear
Our God and Saviour, Israel's help and shield!

---

278. COWPER.

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His vast designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

---

279. DODDRIDGE.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On Him, the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

280.

Head of the Church triumphant,
  We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
  Shall sing like those in glory;
We lift our hearts and voices,
  With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
  The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
  Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
  The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
  In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
  And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
  To which Thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
  Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
  We each as dying Stephen
Shall see Thee stand, at God's right hand,
  To take us up to heaven.

---

281. COWPER.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
  O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
  Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
  Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
  And your gates shall all be praise.

Ye no more your suns descending,
  Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs forever ending,
  Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
  Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
  God your everlasting light.

---

282. WATSON

How happy is he born and taught,
  Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
  Of public fame or private breath;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than gifts to lend,
Whose heart, as open as the day,
  Fears not to call his God his friend; —

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  He, having nothing, yet hath all.

283.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
  All to leave and follow Thee;
I am poor, despised, forsaken,
  Thou henceforth my all shalt be.

Let the world despise and leave me,
  It has left my Saviour too;
Human threats and looks deceive me;
  Thou art not, like them, untrue.

Man may trouble and distress me,
  'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
  Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
  Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
  Something still to do or bear.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
  Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
An eternal day before thee
  Waits for God to guide thee there.

---

284. WATTS.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdoms stretch from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen!

---

285. MILTON.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God
Who by wisdom did create
The heavens high, and all their state:

Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who by His commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:

Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

He His mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye:
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

286. NORTON.

My God, I thank Thee! may no thought
  E'er deem Thy chastisement severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
  Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
  The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
  That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
  Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
  Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
  Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy
  Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

---

287. RAY PALMER.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
  Saviour divine!
Lord, hear me while I pray:
"Take all my guilt away!"
O let me from this day
  Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
  My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be, —
  A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
  Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
  From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
  Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, —
  A ransomed soul.

288. C. Wesley.

My God, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A zealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

---

289. Watts.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will
And spread His love abroad.

Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of His grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

290.

O speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

---

291. BARBAULD.

Our country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
But naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

We tread the path our Master trod:
  We bear the cross He bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
  His temples pierced before.

We purge our mortal dross away,
  Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
  Our heaven is here begun.

---

292. WHITTIER.

O Fairest Born of love and light,
  Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
  Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
  How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
  The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
  Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to hear the wounded Jew,
  The worshipper of Gerizim.

In holy words which cannot die,
  In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
  Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died;
  From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
  It calls a struggling world to Thee.

---

293. PATRICK.

O God! we praise Thee, and confess
  That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
  By all the earth adored.

To Thee all angels cry aloud;
  To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
  Continually do cry;

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
  Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
  Of Thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

---

294. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

---

295. MONTGOMERY.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and madd'ning cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, Satan's snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought,
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Then to thy rest, my soul, return
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works and ways and wages spurn;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

God is thy Rest, — with heart inclined
To keep His Word, that word believe;
Christ is thy Rest, — with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

296.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upwards tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

---

297. BARBAULD.

Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may we behold
A God of purity!

---

298. FURNESS.

Slowly by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of His will!

Mighty spirit! ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought,
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill!

299.

Shine forth, Eternal Source of light,
And make Thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight,
With lustre all Thine own.

Vain are the charms and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in Thy presence lost.

To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to read Thy name,
True life to obey Thy will.

For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

---

300. GUYON.

The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning finds them filled,
At evening they are dry.

The fountains I forsake,
O Fount of Life, for Thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink Eternity!

301. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head:
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

---

302. C. WESLEY.

The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family we dwell in Him;
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by Thy stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O God, be Thou our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

303.

The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinners, come!
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, Come!

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ the fountain come!

Yes, whosoever will,
  O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
  'T is Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
  Declares, I quickly come;
Lord, even so! I wait Thine hour;
  Jesus, my Saviour, come!

---

304. MORAVIAN.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
  Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
  Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
  The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
  Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
  My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
  No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
  That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
  The lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

---

305. STERLING.

Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O grant that we may own Thy hand
No less in every grain of sand.

With forests huge of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell us loud of Thee.

Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by Thee; —

That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

306. SCOTT.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

307. MISS WILLIAMS.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar.
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
  Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
  Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
  In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
  Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
  Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
  My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
  The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
  That heart shall rest on Thee.

---

308. PEABODY.

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
  Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy hand may soothe or press.

Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
  When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
  Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by,
  Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
  Go, share thy lot with him.

---

309. MOORE

Who shall behold the glorious day,
  When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
  That hides the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
  Of His rebuke shall lie,
When pain shall cease, and every tear
  Be wiped from every eye!

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
  Beneath the heathen's chain;
The days of splendor shall return,
  And all be new again.

The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost wanderer home.

---

310. S. F. Adams.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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